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MY IMPRESSIONS OF AMERICA

CHARLES WAGNER

Author of The Simple Life

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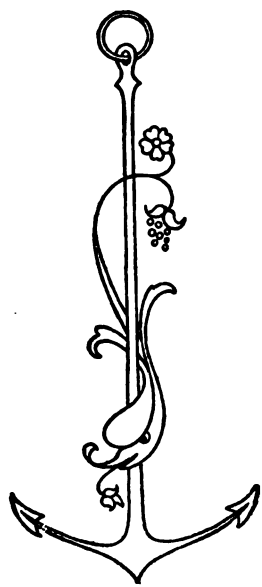
MY IMPRESSIONS OF AMERICA

BY

CHARLES WAGNER

Translated from the French by Mary Louise Hendee



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TO

Theodore Roosevelt

PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES

GREAT-HEARTED, PEACE-LOVING;

TO HIS HOME, AND TO THE PEOPLE OF

THE UNITED STATES

TO MY AMERICAN READERS

WITH the appearance of the American edition of this book, I owe my dear friends on the other side of the Atlantic a word of explanation. They must not look for anything new here, because they themselves, and their own country, which they know much better than I do, are the subject of what I write; they will find merely an echo of impressions gathered in their midst, by a guest to whom they gave such a welcome as few men have ever received.

If these impressions are characterised by a very manifest optimism, it may be attributed, in the first place, to the delight of a tour in which everybody vied with everybody else in delicate attentions to the traveller; and furthermore the cause may be sought in his mental proclivities and moral convictions.

Certainly he does not belong in the number of those who are blind to evil; quite otherwise. He sees it, and suffers cruelly because of it, especially when he discovers it among those whom he loves. But it seems to him that in the midst of the gloomy and tangled forest of human wickedness and corruption, the best thing we can do is to join in the

pursuit of that rare bird, *the Good*, that the sight of it may fill us with the courage and strength to put the evil to rout.

Should this guest of a great people, whom he was visiting for the first time and for so short a while, have begun by setting himself up as a critic and censor of whatever might offend him, seeking to bring out the shades in the picture spread before his eyes? He thought not. He chose rather to dwell upon the lights, which everywhere drew his regard and filled him with admiration, in order that he might be able to carry back inspiring remembrances to his own countrymen.

If, in time, new experiences of travel and the strengthening of faithful friendships increase both his qualifications and his right to speak of things American, an opportunity may be given him to touch effectively upon certain burning questions which are now confronting the conscience of the foremost democracy of the world. In that event, he will certainly accept it with all the sincerity and goodwill merited by this people, to whom he has given a unique place in his heart.

CHARLES WAGNER.

PARIS, May 16, 1906.

PREFACE

IN going to the United States, I had a definite object—to come near to the centre of the nation's life, in order to get an idea of the inmost sources of its extraordinary activity. The observations such an aim renders permissible are of so intimate a nature, that a visitor confined to the ordinary means of informing himself would encounter obstacles almost insurmountable. For me the way was everywhere smoothed by entertainment in private homes. I did not go to visit a land but to live among brothers, and it is that which gives these impressions their significance.

In recording them I have been reduced entirely to the resources of memory, not having found time to make notes; but, fragmentary as they are, my heart would not have acquitted me unless I had set them down. I offer them now in a twofold tribute to my fellow-countrymen and to all my American friends, whose cordial hospitality I can never forget.

PARIS, December, 1905.

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MY IMPRESSIONS OF AMERICA

I

FIRST TIES

IT was in 1891, when as yet I knew nothing of America save what I had learned from chance books, that during a call upon Mme. Blaze de Bury I was presented to a young American woman, well known in her own country for her delightful writings, Grace King of New Orleans. She was well acquainted with French, and her mind, active, and at variance with tradition on many points, was greatly occupied with moral and religious questions, as I was then presenting them, in the endeavour to bring them into as close relation as possible with the spirit of our time. This meeting was followed by long talks between us, and Miss King became a faithful listener at the *salle Beaumarchais*. She wrote about my missionary labours, for an American review, and before leaving Paris, made me acquainted with Miss Louise Sullivan of New York, who like her friend became a regular attendant at our meetings. After their return home, these two young women did not fail to write me from time to time. Grace King brought

me into touch with the *Outlook* and its editor, Dr. Lyman Abbott, and translated my American preface to "Youth," the book through which the publishers, Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company, made my thought known in the United States.

When, in 1901, Miss Mary Louise Hendee had translated "The Simple Life" for the house of McClure, Phillips and Company, Miss King undertook the task of writing a biographical introduction to the book, and the accuracy of her information and the grace of style that distinguishes her work, are worthy of all praise. Her preface, wherein may be found the history of my thought and a characterisation of my liberal propaganda of the eternal Gospel, is like a banner flung wide.

To-day, when so many delightful encounters with Americans have followed these first acquaintances, I take great pleasure in going back to the beginning of it all. One of my regrets in connection with my visit to the United States, is that lack of time forbade my penetrating to a point so far distant as New Orleans. Let us hope that it is only a pleasure deferred.

After the appearance of "The Simple Life," from the McClure house, the points of contact

with America multiplied. I had received many letters relating to "Youth," I now received many more about "The Simple Life," and from time to time some American, tarrying a little in Paris, came to shake hands with me after the sermon in the Boulevard Beaumarchais. These expressions of sympathy rejoiced my heart, but there the matter rested. Things went on in this way till the vacation time of 1902, where the memorable speech of President Roosevelt at Bangor belongs, a speech soon followed by another, in the Masonic Temple at Philadelphia, on the occasion of the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the reception of George Washington into the society of American Masons. In both these addresses, though in different terms, the President expressed the wish that "The Simple Life" might be known and read from one end of the country to the other, as a practical treatise on right living.

If, then, I have been able to visit America, to make the never-to-be-forgotten tour just finished, I owe it to America's great President. But first the question of this journey had to be decided, nor was preparation for it to be devoid of obstacles and labour, as I now intend briefly to set forth.

II

THE OBSTACLES

MY career is not that of a man of letters, I am not a writer by profession; the writer as well as the preacher comes after the man in me; and the man is so rooted in his family and in his work, that the idea had never occurred to me or to any one belonging to me, to the members of either my smaller family or my greater one, that I could go away for any considerable length of time. In earlier days, I had undertaken trips through France, Alsace, Belgium and Switzerland, to preach and lecture, and always with very encouraging results; but bereavements in my home, and increasing duties in connection with the religious, social and educational work of my Paris charge, had gradually restricted the number of these tours. Besides, the longest of them had occupied not more than fifteen days, the later ones not more than two or three, and they had occurred only at long intervals. I had become the man who never went abroad in the world, the man whose duty it was always to stay at home. So, at all events, my

friends at home thought, as did even some of those in America. The *Craftsman*, having heard of my projected trip, manifested astonishment at the idea, amicable, to be sure, but very real. Leave this man, it said, in his normal place; we don't transplant full-grown oaks.

My own mind, however, was clear in the matter, for my rule of life has always been to take my labour of sower wherever I discover good ground. The letters and visits I had received from Americans, had created the conviction within me that an immense and receptive field across the sea lay open to the ideas for which I lived and worked in my own country. Now whosoever is receptive toward us, from him we may also receive, all the relations between men's minds are based upon reciprocity; I was certain that if I had a message for America, she had one for me, a message which in its fulfilment might influence very greatly my activity at home. Hence I ought to go, and within myself the matter was settled.

But in making such a decision as this, those nearest us should be consulted. I therefore consulted my parishioners, who understood me and gave me God-speed; and then my family, my wife

and children; for if children are to be without the presence of their father for several months, ought they not to know something of why it is? as they must suffer a deprivation, they deserve at least to know the reason.

I shall always remember that little family council, in Touraine, under the beautiful cedar trees of the *Commanderie,* the hospitable country-house where we were staying. My wife, my two daughters, and my little Jean, were beside me. The sunlight played at our feet among the moving shadows of the branches. I explained that though the thought of separation from my dear ones gave me pain, yet I had such strong reasons for visiting America as to make me feel that the voice of God Himself was calling me to go. And they all said, "Oh, yes, papa, you ought to go, and we will do all we can to make it easy for you to be away." Then we had a good, short prayer, to give the whole matter and ourselves into the hands of God.

* * * * *

I had two oceans to cross: the Atlantic and the English grammar. Every time hitherto that I had ventured into the deeps of English, I had emerged discouraged. Impossible to acquire this language—

above all else, to pronounce it! But now I was to learn by experience what a stimulus to study, or to any sort of work, comes from love and necessity. Before the project of going to America arose, I studied English simply out of curiosity; but from the moment the idea of making this tour took possession of me, I studied out of love, a real and deep love for this people as yet invisible to my eyes, but whom I foresaw to be worthy of all affection. Suddenly the English appeared to me a delightful tongue, and to hear it spoken or read it became my favourite occupation. My teachers, among whom I shall always remember especially the Virginian, Mr. MacBryde, had reason to be gratified with my assiduity. Yet I had to work in the midst of constant interruptions; there was no regularity about it, as I was always at the mercy of those unforeseen demands which are constantly made upon a clergyman, or the call of some importunate visitor. In the depths of my tribulations, I thought of the Jews, rebuilding Jerusalem after the exile, with a trowel in one hand and a spear in the other. Often at night, after a fatiguing day, I felt discouraged; the English was not going well, and I said to myself that I should never learn it.

But the next morning I went back to it with renewed ardour. For, social being that I am, I should find it intolerable to travel in a country whose language I neither spoke nor understood; that would be condemnation to the rôle of the deaf and dumb. And then, while the general understanding was that I should lecture in French, those of my friends who were most interested in my projected tour, declared that unless I spoke English, I should not really come into touch with the American people, but only with a few exclusive groups. So, at whatever cost, I must conquer the language; for what I desired was to reach that promiscuous audience in which one finds all the elements of a population. Some very prudent ones among my Parisian friends said, "Above all things, don't think of speaking English in public; you will make yourself ridiculous"; and letters from Geneva brought the same warning; but I judged it better to defer to the wishes of those who wrote: "Speak English to us, however poorly equipped you may be, so long as you can make yourself understood." So I continued to throw myself heart and soul into English.

While I was struggling on, with new difficulties for ever presenting themselves, I received a call

from the actor Delorme of the Renaissance Theatre. He came to offer me lessons in French diction, which he had given to many of my colleagues, both Protestant and Catholic. "*Retro Satanas!*" was my reply to him, and I quoted Goethe's words: "Yes, a comedian may teach a clergyman, provided the clergyman be himself a comedian." When he was already at the door, quite grieved at the reception he had got, he said a few words in English. "What!" I exclaimed, "do you know English?" "I not only know it, but I have played Shakespeare in the United States," was his answer. "You are the very man I need, after all," I declared, drawing him back into my office; and then and there he gave me my first lesson in English extempore speaking. He gradually habituated me to the proper pronunciation and inflection, and during the vacation, in the country, we had sessions of work together that lasted from morning till night, during which I addressed to my tireless and scrupulous auditor, lectures, sermons and speeches of all sorts, striving to carry over from one language into the other, the whole repertory of my ideas. In my leisure moments I spoke English to myself, and eventually I thought in English.

III

ENTER MR. JOHN WANAMAKER

ONE morning in June, or thereabouts, 1903, I received a note signed John Wanamaker, asking for an appointment to meet me. The handwriting was decided, nervous and compact. I knew only two things about the signer of the note, that he was one of the greatest of American merchants, and that he was very fond of my book, "The Simple Life," of which he had distributed innumerable copies. I went to see him, but, alas! we could not talk together; neither his French nor my English was equal to it; yet we understood each other. When, in the summer of 1904, we met again, we were able to carry on a consecutive conversation in English.

From the moment my journey was decided upon, no one was more helpful to me than Mr. Wanamaker. He gave me all the necessary advice and preliminary information, and he invited me to spend the first fortnight of my sojourn in America at his country place, Lindenhurst, to get acclimated. He

visited my family and my congregation, and assured them that he would take care of the pastor and the father, and send him back to France safe and sound, a promise he did not fail scrupulously to fulfil.

I set sail on *La Lorraine,* in September, 1904, with M. Xavier Koenig as travelling companion and secretary. In my cabin, among the letters and telegrams from French friends, to wish me *bon voyage,* was this cable message from Mr. Wanamaker: "America welcomes you!"

IV

OUT AT SEA

THE first day out, I encountered Mr. Levi P. Morton, formerly United States Minister to France, and his family. We had already been acquainted for some time; now we could talk together at our ease about the unknown country whither I was bound.

Our great modern transatlantic steamships are marvels of human skill; the slowest and least comfortable among them would have seemed a " floating palace " to our forefathers; but to me the most impressive thing about them is the fact that whenever one of them sets sail, it is freighted with all the social questions—indeed, with all human questions. To begin with, it continues upon the ocean our class divisions, which are well characterised by its state-rooms *de luxe*, its first and second cabins, with their deck barriers, and its steerage. Officers and crew might be taken to represent the army in its various grades, while the personal servants as well as the engineering corps, the cooks, the bakers,

and the rest, stand for the great host of working people.

I should have been very glad to go about among all these folk, especially to have made acquaintance with the emigrants, learned their histories, their reasons for leaving their native land, and their hopes for the future. Seven long days at sea with nothing to do but come and go! What harvests of information might be gathered from chatting familiarly with men, women and children! And why did I not do this? For a very simple reason: at that particular moment, alas! though in mind I was greatly inclined to the enterprise, in body I was altogether averse, and from the moment the plebeian and humiliating phenomenon that manifests itself among inexperienced sailors, appeared in my case, every vestige of the desire to fraternise with my neighbours vanished. A vague, gray misery overcame me the second day out, and did not begin to diminish until the fourth. During one of my lucid moments in this unhappy time, I made a horrifying discovery: *I had forgotten my English!* It was good fortune if I even found words to express myself in my customary tongue. A few German terms, such as *Katzenjammer,* stuck vaguely

here and there in my memory, like empty picture frames left behind in a dismantled apartment; but of English, not a trace!

When we were six days out, the winds grew calm, the clouds broke away, and a warm sun flooded the sea and the decks. Immediately the faces of the passengers began to clear, and all day long voices were heard singing on the emigrants' deck, high voices, deep voices, the voices of Italians, men's, women's and children's voices, all intermingled. It was charming; it bore within it a whole tradition of a sunny fatherland, of poetry and of poverty. It recalled blue seas, and violet mountains, groves of palm and olive, orange and laurel. It was a song with a soul.

The first-cabin passengers had an orchestra at their disposal, but the idea of singing, above all things, of singing together, seemed never to occur to them. I wonder why.

Its powerful screw beating and cleaving the salty waves, ceaselessly the great ship bears us on, our bodies, our souls, our destinies, our virtues and our vices; all of us sharing a life in common for the moment, yet at bottom not by any means "in the same boat." There is sadness in the thought

that all these men can breathe the same air, be drawn into this close contact for a number of days, that a sudden shipwreck would give their bodies the same waves for a winding-sheet, and yet that they are no more conscious than ever of their brotherhood. A magnificent construction like a modern liner is a witness to our mechanical greatness and our scientific progress; but surely we may see in it striking proof of our moral poverty and social atrophy. There are many crossings yet to be made before we enter the fraternal city.

It was night, and I had gone alone into the bow, under the stars. There you know that you are moving forward; you feel as though a great eagle had taken you on its wings, and were bearing you across the fields of the air; your whole body is movement, your whole soul aspiration. What is waiting behind the veil of this western darkness? To-morrow the American shores will lie gray along the horizon; what manner of men are we to meet there? what adventures, what experiences shall we have? And as a man about to enter into the midst of a new race, I already breathe their natal air, I divine them, I stretch out my hands to unknown friends. But all at once, full in the flush of joy at thought

of the speedy landing, anguish seizes upon my heart, and a mocking voice cries within me: " When you open your mouth among these people, they will look at one another and ask, ' What language is this man speaking? ' "

V

THE FIRE SIGNAL

FIRES! fires! steady, intermittent; enormous eyes, darting flamboyant glances into the night; revolving lights, sweeping the horizon with their sheaf-like rays. Flames and more flames,—red, green, a whole symphony of signals; like stars, like comets, meteors, flashes of lightning, great torches! What enchantment, to arrive in this way, saluted by light in the middle of the night! And this light means man. In the vast darkness and melancholy silence of mid-ocean, let but a little flickering ray appear, and at once we think, *there* are men! On all the seas of the round world, the twinkling lights of the night announce the presence of man. They signal to one another, "Here are your fellows." What food for thought in these trembling beacons! Now we are really at the land, yet nothing in nature indicates it to our eyes; midnight makes all alike, confuses in one blackness, sea and shore, shelving beach and threatening cliffs. Were it not for man, we should see nothing but

darkness, fearful darkness, full of dangers. But man has made light by which we may trim our sails and guide our way; and how many other things do we not owe to this light! Almost all man's works speak of humanity, of its poverty or its magnificence, its deformities or its beauties, and these lights speak of goodwill. They greet us and give us information; "Hither is your way," they say, "come and welcome!" They announce the dwellings of men, the hearth and the family table, populous streets and the hives of the world's affairs, where toiling labourers come and go in thousands.

The vessel slackens speed, and a boat draped in lights comes out to meet us, bringing the pilot. A smaller boat sets off and makes its way to us, and a man boards our vessel; the black shadow of a man he seems, a pygmy come to take his place on this monster; a fly or an ant, we think, would make as much impression. And yet this little shadow mounting here is indispensable to the huge ship; for this man brings more light. It is one thing to navigate the broad waste of ocean waters, another to enter a harbour. Here we must have knowledge of detail; a specialist is needed, and he is not to be replaced by any geographic science or any in-

genious mechanism. What a marvel a man is! The man who has just come on board is our guide, we are given into his hand.

Slowly, gently, as though not to waken the slumbering city, *La Lorraine* enters the harbour, and the engines stop; we are to sleep here, and for the first time in a week, the great ship is at rest. We take one last look at the lights behind which America lies, and go to seek our berths.

VI

THE AWAKENING IN PORT

EVERYTHING is transformed. There are no more fires, they have all gone out; but it is day, and through the port-hole of my cabin I look out upon a charming picture, a green hillside, with villas here and there, interspersed with clumps of trees.

Once on deck, a magnificent sight fills our eyes—the colossal harbour of New York. The Statue of Liberty, that we saw long ago in the Paris dock-yard, overtopping all the buildings about, is here only a figure of ordinary height, even on its lofty pedestal, everything with which to compare it is of such gigantic proportions. All sorts of boats are moving about, and in all directions. Ferry-boats, connecting railroad lines on opposite shores transport at the same time men, horses, carriages, trucks and automobiles, and whole freight trains pass in sections, on files of barges. All these craft are panting, puffing, steaming, smoking, whistling, signalling one another with sirens, and all the products

of the globe are afloat in them, under the flags of all the nations.

On raising the eyes above this movement in the harbour, we are struck by the aspect of the city. Its tallest buildings are in the business section neighbouring on the bay, and from a distance they resemble feudal towers. They are very strange, and as you approach you find them positively ugly. The idea of beauty is not concerned in these heaps of story piled on story; they are *tours de force* of the art of building; and yet I should be greatly surprised if grace of line is never to be found in them. Just as they are, they stand as monuments of the commercial power of the United States, a power which, compressed within too narrow limits at points where it centres, lances upward as columns of water burst out of their imprisoning mains.

And after their kind they are also manifestations of the impetuosity that nothing can arrest, and of the triumphant genius to which nothing appears impossible, that have heaped up testimony to themselves over the whole area of this bustling land.

At first sight, I frankly confess, the "sky-scrapers" struck me as monstrosities, as mushrooms of extravagant growth, sprung from the

overstimulated soil of Titanic cities; as abnormal excrescences arising out of the fever and folly that are the issue of a mad competition for material wealth. And there may be something of all this in them—a little of everything, good and evil, in their origin. For the sake of æsthetics, to which man's life should never become indifferent, it may be hoped that these phenomenal buildings may remain the exception.

And yet, viewed from Brooklyn, early on a winter's evening, the colossal range of these Goliaths offers a unique sight. The deformity of their overmassive shapes disappears in the twilight, and the merciful shades veil their bareness. Gleaming with all the fires of their thousands of windows, they now seem but diaphanous habitations of the toil of the night. For hours they shine in all their splendour and you feel that within them work is at its highest tension; then gradually their lights go out, story by story, till the wall of fire becomes a wall of blackness, pierced here and there by a solitary star.

VII

ON THE PIER

BUT I anticipate; we are not yet ashore.

The whole harbour line of the city is cut up into docks like the stalls of a stable, and each steamship company has its assigned space. It is a work of skill to bring the enormous liners into their quarters; they act like great horses that have to be manœuvred backward into their stalls. But at length the evolution is accomplished, and the gangway thrown across.

Upon landing, the first person I saw was John Wanamaker, and his good, kind face seemed a sign of the happiest augury. During the long formalities of the customs, a group of reporters collected around me. It was the first time in my life that I had found myself among so many strangers notebook in hand, assailing me with questions, and I had looked forward to the moment with considerable dread, having always preferred silence and obscurity to the somewhat noisy renown procured us by the newspapers. But now it seemed the most

natural thing in the world to conform to the local custom; besides, these journalists interested me, as all my fellow-men do. They were of various ages, the majority young, and it was an agreeable surprise to find them so much in earnest. Their questions were sensible, pointed but by no means indiscreet, and they impressed me as men who understood their business and pursued it with scrupulosity. As this is the most to be exacted of a man, whoever he may be, I immediately felt myself in sympathy with them personally, so that our conversation was full of unconstraint. The curiosity with which they observed me from head to foot amused me greatly, and before the day was over their articles in the papers bore witness that neither the rustic cut of my garments nor the Virgilian cast of my footgear had escaped them.

Tradition, seizing upon a detail of one of my youthful holidays, had made of me a shepherd of the Vosges, occupied quite recently even, in guarding his sheep, who had come to bring the message of simplicity that he had slowly evolved in the austere solitudes of the heights. Perhaps people were expecting to see me dressed in some uniform, which I had come to recommend *urbi et orbi*, as

the first and visible sign of a return to simplicity, and I should have to begin by repudiating that tendency to formalism which would draw ideas into the realm of material things. My present interlocutors, however, being quick to understand and really desirous of exact information as to my intentions, it gave me genuine pleasure to explain to them that simplicity lies neither in the dress, the dwelling nor the table, but that it is a state of mind which inclines us to devote life to the pursuit of its proper aim, and to renounce whatever bears us in other directions. " In what does the simple life consist for us journalists? " they asked me; " What message have you for us? " " A very simple message," I replied. " Report only what is true."

VIII

THE FIRST CITY SIGHTS

I DON'T know what goes on in other minds, we all differ so, but the first impressions of things work very actively upon mine, and they strike specially deep if I have come from far into unusual surroundings. So the first morning passed in New York found me peculiarly receptive. The voyage is short from France to the United States, but to one who has never made a longer, it is something not to have put foot on land for seven days. I was ready to gaze long at streets and their traffic, at the train of vehicles of all sorts, of electric cars and steam cars, circulating pell-mell, crossing each other's tracks, or running one above another. In some quarters of New York, the movement of business is considerably more tumultuous than anywhere in Paris, and it becomes a maelstrom in the vicinity of the gigantic Brooklyn Bridge, where at the hours when everybody is rushing to his work or home from it, the human ant-hill swarms with the greatest celerity. He who

comes suddenly into the midst of this agitation out of the calm of an ocean voyage, certainly experiences a most violent contrast. And what a difference for me between these quarters of the city where humanity flows in tides, whirls in eddies and precipitates itself in cataracts, and the little hidden corner of Brittany where I had passed the last few weeks, given up to an intense personal preparation, meditating like a knight at his vigil, and musing of the people beyond the sea! We should never complain of these shocks that life gives us; there are impressive lessons to be drawn from them, provided the heart keeps its proper attitude, and men do not become for us simply supernumeraries in a spectacle. What profound human interest the sight of strange crowds should inspire in us! These passers bear about with them all the burdens and problems of society, are a part of the great human drama that is unfolding and determining the destinies of us all. The battle is being waged hourly; and every force is at play; to which side does the victory tend?

While I am fascinated by the crowd, my eyes are also held by individuals, and how many new types do I not see here! First I notice in these throngs

that are elbowing me, more black faces than I am wont to see. Already, on the dock, I had been struck by the powerful build and sinewy arms of the negroes; now I was encountering negro women and children at every step, samples of the black thread that has been woven into American life. Little street Arabs, selling their papers—the adult newspaper vender is almost unknown—agile and enterprising little fellows, leap on passing trolleys, sell their wares, and jump off with their pennies.

Now we are on an elevated train, where you pass along at the level of the lower stories of the houses, and you pity those who live in the midst of all this smoke and dust and noise, and under the eyes of the passer. But this same passer is thus given the opportunity to see a great many interiors in a short space of time. Some of them file rapidly by him, but others he may inspect at leisure, during halts of his train, and almost pay them a visit. Used to making a round of calls at modest homes in Paris, I was extremely interested in all these revelations, even those caught at a glance;—in the arrangement of the rooms, the style of furniture, the groups at table. In the back yards, that stretch out in long lines between the rows of tenement houses, you see

unquestionable evidence that American housewives do a great deal of washing, and keep their linen very white. They have a highly ingenious means of hanging out clothes from every story. A rope runs from a pulley just outside the kitchen window, passes over another pulley attached to a high pole at the back of the yard, and returns. In the simplest fashion possible, without stirring a step, the laundress hangs her pieces on the line, one by one, meanwhile pushing the line out. When the clothes are dry, she takes them in by reversing the process.

The yards are in general without any sort of cultivation, but in contrast one is struck with the beautiful ivy that often covers the fronts of buildings. This ivy loses its leaves in winter, so that it causes no inconvenience from dampness in the months of least sun. From the most modest dwellings to the most elegant, it is found climbing the walls, and is everywhere a delight to the eyes. It gives the churches an air of familiarity and welcome, it festoons the windows of schools, and is an element in an endless variety of pleasing effects. New York is red from the brick and stone of which its houses are built, and many of its churches and public buildings are of a red sandstone that recalls

that of the Vosges and the immortal blocks of the Strasburg cathedral.

In the course of this first day, under a beautiful sun, Mr. Howland, of the *Outlook*, took us in an automobile through Fifth Avenue and Central Park. This immense Park, over two and a half miles long, is in the heart of the city. The ground is rolling, even hilly here and there. The trees are left to grow naturally, in order to preserve as far as possible a rural air, and there are veritable forest effects, with such rocks and wildness as is ordinarily only to be found far from cities. The Park abounds in birds and in the squirrels that inhabit all American parks, gray squirrels, beautiful creatures, and absolutely fearless—a testimony to the treatment they receive from the public. They are full of frolic, and are the special delight of the children. Some equipages circulate in the Park, but they do not compare in number with those that roll through the Champs Élysées and the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne.

But we had to turn away from all these new and attractive sights the great city had to offer, and give our minds to business. A lecture tour is never a light matter, surely not when there are many

lectures, little time, and a great territory to cover. From necessity rather than choice, I had put myself into the hands of a Bureau that was ready to make the arrangements and assume the business cares of the tour. As I had undertaken this first American tour at my own risk and peril, financially speaking, I am happy to express my satisfaction at the manner in which the J. B. Pond Bureau acquitted itself of a task perforce delicate and complicated by many difficulties.

IX

ESCAPE INTO THE COUNTRY

SATURATED with noise, I was happy, that afternoon, to accept an invitation from my publisher, Mr. McClure, to go to pass Sunday at his country place, "The Homestead," at Ardsley-on-the-Hudson.

The Hudson River, with its horizons of hill and mountain, is the most beautiful geographic feature of the east of the United States. For a long distance inland from the sea, the right bank of this great river is hemmed in by a veritable wall of rock, crowned with forests and overgrown at its base with coarse brushwood that draws its nourishment out of the dust of the ages. On the opposite bank is a series of gently sloping hills, very picturesquely grouped. Along these hills, for more than seventy-five miles, villages, small and attractive cities, and villas and farms where a great number of New York families spend the summer, and sometimes the whole year, follow one another in almost unbroken succession. Washington Irving has

given charming descriptions of this country in his "Sketch Book," and has largely furnished it with its store of traditions, which are kept piously alive in the memory of his compatriots.

No sooner were we arrived at Ardsley, than Mrs. McClure proposed a drive, and its destination proved to be Irvington. We followed a wide and well-constructed road, which is something rather rare in America, and encountered many light vehicles filled with families out on pleasure jaunts, or belonging to purveyors of some sort, but scarcely any automobiles. The system of roads in the United States is very imperfect. The people go about by rail or trolley; you cannot as in France and other European countries, gratify a fancy, if you happen to have it, to go from one end of the land to the other by automobile, but that fashion of travel is restricted to the vicinity of the cities, and the number of touring cars is proportionally inferior to ours. You do not, however, feel like complaining much on this score, when you are driving contentedly along a beautiful route that the too frequent passing of gasoline machines would transform into a realm of dust and pestiferous odours.

X

SLEEPY HOLLOW CEMETERY

WE turn aside to make a little pilgrimage to Washington Irving's home, which is still inhabited by members of his family, and where many rooms remain as they were in his day. A French servant of the household is overjoyed to meet some of his fellow-countrymen and talk with them.

Washington Irving rests in the cemetery of Sleepy Hollow, which is quite large, but of a beautiful simplicity. There is not a single pretentious monument in it: fine trees and grass plots, granite stones, plain and impressive, some roses—that is all. This is the general character of the cemeteries I saw in America, and in a country of so much wealth, the fact is significant. It shows a sentiment of respect toward the other life, of equality in death, a religious sentiment simple and profound; there are no signs of pride or vanity, nor of desolation and despair. Death is looked upon as it ought to be, with resignation and faith. We are often

shocked, pained, even scandalised, by luxury in cemeteries, a thing so out of place by the side of death; or we are terrified by signs of a grief that knows no hope. I like the moral atmosphere of American cemeteries, and the spirit that breathes over their graves uplifts me. It is not all to know how to live, we must also know how to die; dying is a part of life. The appearance of these cemeteries was to me a declaration of principles. With a heart full of remembrances of the beloved dead, and with the persuasion that if the dead were nothing, the living would be a little less than nothing, I cling tenaciously to the idea that everything which commemorates those who have returned to God, should bear the stamp of a lofty and inspiring humanity. The way men regard the dead and preserve their memory, forms an important chapter in the art of living, upon which the other chapters much depend. On the first evening of my visit in this country which I already loved, to which I had come less intent upon viewing its greatness, its power and its exterior life, than its character, its moral force and its inner life, I was happy to receive, above the graves of Sleepy Hollow, these comforting impressions. How beautiful, how tender, how

full of faith, that soul of a people which began to reveal itself to me in this restful place! Across the Hudson the sun was going down. Below us the river crept by like a sheet of lava; on its opposite bank lay the long giant bar of rock that at this hour was blended into a uniform mass of darkness, and behind the jagged and molten edges of the long cloud banks above it, the sun, flooding the west, glowed like a conflagration. I gazed with eyes and soul, moved most by the thought that for the first time I was seeing the sun set over the land of Washington.

XI

FIRST SPEECH IN ENGLISH

"TO-MORROW is Sunday," Mr. McClure said to me at dinner that night; "I hope you feel like preaching in our little church."

"Oh, no," was my answer; "I prefer to listen."

After church the next day, came a new question: "Won't you conduct a little family service for us this afternoon?"

This time it was impossible to refuse, whatever my alarm at the prospect of making my début in English, even before an audience of only five or six listeners.

At the appointed hour I came down to the drawing-room, and found myself in the presence of—fifty people! "Your family is very numerous," I whispered in my host's ear.

There were some well-known residents of the neighbourhood, among them the kind and so truly modest Miss Gould, who has found the way to make herself beloved throughout the Republic. But

I had other things to think of just then than the personnel of my audience, and for the first time in my life, I think, I could have wished it smaller and less distinguished.

There was no alternative, I had to begin, and while paying strict attention to my speech, that must have wavered like the first steps of a child, I now and then hazarded a glance at the face of some auditor in particular. Oh, happy surprise! each one appeared to be understanding me. It could be seen that they were following the thread of the discourse, and I experienced that something which tells a speaker his hearers are assimilating his thought.

And so the ice was broken, and after the sermon everybody was charming and reassuring. For me it was an important event; how many times had I not in spirit passed through this first ordeal! Now it was behind me, and I was relieved of a great weight. Doubt as to the value of the equipment which must now serve me daily, had given place to confidence.

XII

LINDENHURST

LINDENHURST, the country-seat of John Wanamaker, had been chosen in advance, as the corner of America where I should pass the very brief period of acclimatisation, and in fulfillment of the exact instructions left at New York by my host, the journey there was a triumph of delicate attentions. Mr. Robert C. Ogden, a prominent New Yorker and an associate of Mr. Wanamaker, received us from the hands of Mr. McClure, and conducted us to the Pennsylvania Railroad ferry. There he confided us to the care of a smiling young man, who had been commissioned to conduct us to the Lindenhurst station, at Jenkintown, five miles from Philadelphia. This very well-informed emissary held himself ready to answer all questions which strangers might pose along the way,—though is one a stranger in a land where such cordial reception everywhere awaits him? And people had written me in their letters: "You are not coming among strangers; these are brothers

whom you are about to visit. You will be received as the country's guest, and at the same time as a friend." From a distance one is tempted to take such forms of speech for mere politeness, but had I better known the country to which I was going, I might have assured myself that in this case they were expressions of the simple truth.

At the threshold of his home, Mr. Wanamaker received us, and it would be impossible to put more perfect grace and more unaffected simplicity into a welcome. That day we made the acquaintance of part of his family, and the next day, when Mrs. Wanamaker returned from the seaside, I saw them all together for the first time, though I seemed rather to be encountering them all again after a long absence. There was no constraint, no ice to be broken, scarcely need of making acquaintance; from the first moment we found ourselves on a common ground of ideas and feeling.

The next morning, according to the daily custom, the head of the family read from the Bible to the assembled household, masters and servants, and in his short prayer he forgot neither the newly arrived guests nor their distant homes. This custom of family worship, which is still largely prevalent

in the United States, I hold it to be one of the most legitimate and salutary kinds of religious expression, if it can be kept free from routine and made to avoid stereotyped forms, so as to be daily the fresh expression of thoughts and feelings which arise naturally around the family life; and wherever I take part in this worship I always taste that sweetness which comes to us from communion of spirit. To pray with one another, sincerely and simply, outside of all prescribed rites, in the pure relations of a mutual humanity, is the highest form of brotherhood.

Lindenhurst is a large and handsome residence, that has received many additions to its original plan. Everything is grouped around an immense central hall from which the grand staircase mounts to a second great hall on the floor above. These halls themselves are for habitation, furnished for comfort, and adorned with plants, beautiful pictures, statuary and objects of art, all examples of a perfect taste. Half-way up the staircase stands an organ. On the first floor are the picture galleries full of works by the masters; one of the largest and finest of them was built specially for Munkacsy's two great pictures, Christ before Pilate,

and Christ on the Cross. One could hardly apply to this home the term luxurious, which rather implies great cost with the object of pomp and display, and the absence of the spirit of home as well as of true beauty; Lindenhurst is a dwelling whose aspect and arrangements do honour to its master, because its master does honour to the dwelling. It contains treasures of art; but what above all else renders it dear to me and highly to be prized, is that it shelters a man whose life is entirely devoted to God, to intelligent and helpful work; a man whose one desire is to use his means and power for the greatest possible good of others.

XIII

OUT FOR A STROLL

I WON'T have any explanations; I am going to see things for myself. Of course it is quite possible that I shall miss wonderful sights without even knowing of their existence; but at least what I do see will not have been chosen for me, or arranged by some clever cicerone who would have me see things as he does. It is in this way that I have planned to explore the vicinity of Lindenhurst to-day, and Philadelphia and America on the morrows.

The grounds of the mansion are very attractive, but of limited extent, following the principle of their owner that no more should be spent upon anything than is justifiable. The gardener who showed me the greenhouses and the collection of orchids, drew my attention to the fact that this collection is incomplete. Here was the principle again, and one worth the rarest orchid.

I pass out of the grounds and wander over a beautiful undulating country. Between the hills are

deep ravines where capricious streams flow, that slumber to-day and to-morrow wake up raging, to have a savage game at uprooting trees and sweeping away bridges. Only three days ago they were disporting themselves after this fashion, but where is the torrent now? It has vanished, like a naughty boy after playing a bad trick; but it has scattered right and left the unhappy victims of its terrible amusements. There is something fantastic about the meteorology of this country; rapid leaps of temperature, wind storms and atmospheric eccentricities generally, are the order of the day.

On both sides the road, in whichever direction one turns, are country homes, of stone or wood, chiefly of wood. They stand under beautiful sycamores or other large-leaved trees, maples predominating. These last trees, which are found everywhere, have this in common with our birch, that an abundant sap circulates in them in spring-time; it is drawn off in the same manner as the sap of the birch, and made into a delicious syrup, of which the Americans are very fond, and which they eat for breakfast with pancakes.

The grounds of these country houses are very

seldom enclosed, an arrangement I had already noticed in New York State. Their owners do not rigorously mark the limits of their land with walls, fences or hedges, as is the custom in Europe, where the altitude of the barrier often cuts off all the view; and nowhere in America did I see any of those garden walls whose height, an affront in itself, is made more offensive by bits of broken glass and necks of bottles bristling on their tops. Such an armament is an anti-social demonstration, and must, I think, arouse unkind feeling against the proprietor, if not the wish that he may be robbed.

Country houses, large and small, often follow one another for miles along these roads, without being separated by anything more than a little hedge or a grass-bordered path. There is grass everywhere, a fine and close turf on which the people have their outdoor games and sports. The man who walks for the love of it, is rarely encountered in America; the charm of his existence is seemingly unknown, and the cane, inseparable companion of a stroll, is scarcely to be seen; but to make up for this, you find everywhere, in the outskirts of cities, on the grounds of residences, and

in the parks, men, women and children playing various games, that generally demand much skill, and include much movement, many outcries, and often a veritable intoxication of the joy of combat. From his first day there, the visitor in America observes that the people turn to movement and freedom for their pleasures. My friend Joseph Elkinton, a resident of this hilly country about Philadelphia, whom I saw enjoying the autumn sports at his home, wrote me after Christmas: "You should come back to see us now. Everything is covered with snow, and all the water is frozen over. In our leisure time we slide downhill or skate; you would think us a lot of Esquimaux."

A thing which greatly puzzled me was to see so few gardens, properly speaking. There are flowers around the dwellings, roses mingle their colors with the green of vines, but the garden is generally absent; that vegetable garden so dear to the Frenchman, that little corner of his yard where the suburbanite mingles with the beautiful and graceful rose the useful parsley and onion, you may search for in vain in America, save as an exception. But they are very pretty, these suburban American

homes, with their verandas and their shining windows framed in ivy or wild vines; and from their physiognomy, which has much to say to the passer-by, I, passing and musing, conclude that they must be the homes of very worthy people.

XIV

A SIESTA AND ITS SEQUEL

IN order to ramble about without really getting lost—a thing that is always disagreeable—after you have reached a certain distance from the point to which you wish to return, it is necessary to follow the rule of turning the corners uniformly either all to the right or all to the left. On this occasion my old system brought me back, at the end of some hours, to the grounds of Lindenhurst. One isn't a rustic and a gardener for nothing, and in this new land every plant interested me, even the roadside weeds; I enjoyed brushing against the same clover and plantain along the paths of the New World as border the European ways, they smiled up at me like old acquaintances; and in the garden I had now entered the cultivated plants attracted me no less. But I had reached a sort of rotunda where garden chairs invited me to rest. Why not do it? The air was mild and the tramp had been long; and I was soon asleep, my last impressions being of a gentle

breeze that rocked the leafy cradles of great clusters of purple grapes, and swung the golden pears on the drooping branches.

When I awoke, a little garden table stood before me, all spread, with leafy plates heaped with fruit. The hands of children were easily detected in its arrangement, but where were the good fairies whose little fingers had bestowed their gifts so discreetly!

My amazement had witnesses, and witnesses incapable of concealing their emotions; smothered laughter escaped from behind a clump of bushes, and soon I saw coming toward me a little dark-haired girl of seven or eight, who might have been the gardener's daughter, and a fair child of the same age, with great blue eyes, and golden curls falling about her shoulders, who plainly belonged to the great house.

We were not long in making friends. I ate the delicious pears and the grapes with the flavour of muscatel, meanwhile delighting myself in the English of these fresh voices. I told a story and they begged for "one more" until it grew into a series.

"Will you come to take tea in my house?" the child with the blue eyes asked at last.

"With great pleasure; and at what hour?"

Five o'clock was set.

At the appointed time, Mary came to take me by the hand and lead me to her house. For she had a house, out under the trees; a doll's house, but large enough for a visitor to enter. With the aid of inclination and the exercise of some strategy, I succeeded in getting through the door, and stowing away my legs somehow under the pretty little green table. We launched into conversation, and the charm of childhood had me captive.

Through the window the forest could be seen, with squirrels darting fearlessly about, and the sun's rays, sifting through the branches, danced over the white cloth with the shadows of the leaves. In the perfectly appointed little room there was a real buffet and a real table-service, and a number of dolls, of irreproachable manners, kept us company.

We chatted like two grown people or two children, as you will; for no one else in the world has the gravity of a child; the rest of us are always disquieted by something or other in the background. The child lives his life openly, and takes it with absolute seriousness, and well is it for

grown-ups if they remain children or become children again. One of the joys of my tour was this five-o'clock-tea at Mary's house. Could I, before leaving her, refuse to tell another story? Certainly not; so I told her one story more, and it was a moment of exquisite peace and contentment. Surely the child's pleasure in hearing the tale could not have been greater than mine in watching her as she listened with her whole soul, listened as the wood listens to the brook and the flower to the bee.

XV

A VISIT AT THE WHITE HOUSE

AS far back as the end of July, the President had invited me to the White House for September 26th, "to dine and spend the night." I had often anticipated this meeting; now I was on the eve of it. I was really going to see the man whose personality had won him such warm sympathy and sincere admiration throughout the entire world; and the proximity of the interview brought me both joy and trepidation. What impression should I take away from this personal encounter? and he—what would he experience upon seeing face to face the man whom he had been pleased to honour from afar as a sower of seed and disseminator of ideas?

I re-read certain passages of his books, refreshed my remembrance of his deeds, and recalled the contents of his kind letters—every one of which had been an event for me—that I might have in my mind a definite picture of the man I was now to meet in his home.

So disposed, I arrived at the White House, toward the end of the afternoon, on that day in late September. The presidential residence is a building of the Greek order, on simple lines, entirely white, and situated in the midst of immense lawns and gardens. Beyond is the Washington Monument, in the form of a colossal obelisk, its smooth shaft springing upward like the symbol of a great idea. The White House is entered like a private dwelling; there are no sentries; the main effect is that of simplicity, and to me this entire absence of pomp was more impressive than all the majestic exhibitions of authority I have seen about the residences of sovereigns. It is, however, the testimony of many of its former occupants that as a home, and for comfort, the White House leaves much to be desired. But it has become a historic building, and no splendid residence, no palace, however rich and beautiful, could replace it.

A servant conducted me to my room, and toward eight o'clock I was informed that the President had asked for me.

I found him with Mrs. Roosevelt in one of the drawing-rooms of the first floor, which contains the portraits of former presidents. He came to meet

me with outstretched hands, and a moment afterward we were at table, four in all, including the President, Mrs. Roosevelt, and Mrs. Roosevelt-West of New York. It was to be a little friendly dinner.

"Where are the boys?" asked the President.

"They are on their way to bed," some one answered.

"Never mind, let them come and say 'How do you do?' to Mr. Wagner."

And I see two young boys coming in, from nine to eleven years old, evidently tired out after a long run, their eyes foretelling sleep.

"I've a very important question to ask you," I said to one of them. "Do you sleep with your hands open or shut?"

"I don't know," he replied, "as I'm asleep."

The President laughed heartily at this answer, which was of course the only good one to make, and the little fellows hurried off to bed.

"We would rather have received you at Oyster Bay," said the President. "That is our home, where even now we pass several months every year. You would have seen three families of our relatives, too, who live near us, and all the children

together, theirs and ours, a troop of seventeen." I expressed my regret at the loss of so charming an opportunity, and the hope that some good day it might offer itself.

With my first salutation I had conveyed to the President of the United States the personal greetings with which our own president, M. Émile Loubet, had graciously charged me when I went to pay him my respects before leaving France. Now the conversation turned upon various subjects of interest to us—the education of children and the cultivation of the public spirit; social questions; international relations and international goodwill; matters of religion. We spoke French, German, and English in turn, and once, after comparing our répertoires of German poetry, we recited passages from different *Lieder*, especially from "*Vater, ich rufe dich.*"

In the matter of family sentiment I found the President full of tenderness and filial respect. When he spoke of the home, it was with emotion, almost with tears in his eyes. He called it the keystone of humanity. Here I immediately recognised the man of heart, of a fundamental human fibre wonderfully sensitive and strong. Speaking of his

religious sentiments, he said: "I am very much attached to my old Dutch Reformed Church, and at the same time I belong to the Church Universal."

Where public spirit is concerned, nothing that might contribute to the strengthening of mutual goodwill and the cohesion of the country's citizens, finds him indifferent. Endowed with a mind of rare penetration, to which every sort of mental finesse is familiar, his chief interest is nevertheless in practical ideas, ideas that are to the mental and spiritual life of the people at large what bread is to the life of the body. He is fond of repeating the thought that what is necessary to the health and strength of a people, is much less the existence among them of a few isolated characters of extraordinary greatness, than a good general mean of public spirit. Backbone and energy, a sense of social responsibility, a determination from the beginning to march straight ahead without permitting one's self to be turned to right or left—these things are what he appreciates most highly in a man; and he would have him add to them that broad-minded attitude toward others which betrays itself in forbearing to exercise all one's own rights, out of consideration for one's neighbour.

No one could express himself in more sympathetic fashion with regard to a people than did the President, in several instances, regarding ours. He believes that with a little more clear-sightedness the civilised nations of the present time would have a good chance of avoiding war, and of regulating their affairs in accordance with the principle that the fundamental interests of the nations are identical; and if four or five of the most powerful among them should arrive at the establishment of that amicable understanding which seems already on the way, he thinks they might even prevent others from disturbing the universal peace.

I shall always remember his saying: "Your books make me feel more clearly than ever, that fundamentally there are just the same needs for us on this side of the water as for you on the other. We are all alike at bottom, in needing to cherish the same virtues and war on the same evils. The brotherhood of nations is no empty phrase."

I would that I might fix here the physiognomy of the President, as I saw it; his extraordinarily mobile face is rebellious toward the camera or the brush. His portraits all play him false, showing his face at rest. No one who hasn't seen him can

picture him as he is, for everything that he says is accompanied by its corresponding facial expression. There is one word in particular that he often uses, and always with its typical play of features —the word *exactly*. He is *alive*, and puts himself simply and wholly into every manifestation of himself.

His greeting is genial and direct; not a sign, even the slightest, of the grand personage. And this is not a mere democratic simplicity; it is a broad and hospitable human simplicity. You feel that he is a man who would be at home with all classes, the peer of the highest, the brother of the humblest. It brought joy to my heart to find him like this, for to be natural, without pretension, free from the petty care that some men take to bring their person into relief, is the sign of true greatness.

The President of the United States is, quite simply, a man, one of the members of the race that do most credit to our old human family. He gives the impression of concentrated force, of a spring at tension. You feel that he is ready at any moment for a supreme effort, to expend himself in any cause that demands it. Above his work-table he is pictured on a horse that is leaping an obstacle.

It is the image of his fine temperament—generous, brave, daring, devoted even to the point of sacrifice. Here is a man who will never retreat before anything, unless it be evil-doing; for he is as scrupulous as he is determined and brave, a leader who obeys the inner law. This chief of a republican state, armed by its constitution with more authority than most sovereigns enjoy, has the sensitive conscience of a child. He is—to sum it up justly—an honest man. He will never be made to follow crooked paths; whatever end he chooses to pursue, you may be sure that he will move straight toward it.

Moreover, he is clear-sighted, without illusions; he knows life and men with their underhanded ways. And yet, seeing things as they are, he believes in the ultimate victory of the good; but he knows that the price of this victory is a daily struggle against the elements of destruction. He has done much, and thought much. His body, supple and warrior-like, equal to the greatest fatigue, inured to hard privation, is at his service, like a good steed perfectly responsive to its master. Even when he is quietly seated conversing with his friends, he has not the air of a man taking his

leisure; his repose is a preliminary to action. He knows that combat is the law of life, but he will never fight any other than a good fight; and that is why this warrior is a peacemaker. Those who accuse him of imperialism do not know him; his patriotism has nothing aggressive about it, it menaces no one. If he would have America strong, it is that she may not be at the mercy of the good pleasure of others, and the people are with him in this matter; pacific but invincible—such is their character. In one of his addresses the President has said: "We hold that the prosperity of each nation is an aid not a hindrance to the prosperity of other nations."

To me it seems an extraordinary privilege to have been able to pass long, restful hours under his roof, in open-hearted converse with a man of his worth; and for those everywhere who interest themselves in the destinies of the human family to find at the centre of the life of a great people, a people whose influence makes itself felt to the ends of the earth, a character of this metal, a heart of such kindness, an intelligence so broad and so rare, may well strengthen a world-wide confidence.

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After dinner, on this night of mild airs and clear moonlight that fell caressingly on the stretches of lawn and trees, and threw into relief the white shaft of the Monument, the talk was prolonged on a balcony overlooking the gardens. The President introduced a caller who had just arrived, saying, "Here is one of my fellow-labourers, who has come to confer with me about affairs of the election. . . . We have some fighting to do." He had already said, in allusion to the campaign, which was then at its height: "If I am elected, I shall remain with satisfaction; if I am not, I shall quit my post with the conviction of having done my duty." After a few moments the President and the newcomer withdrew.

In the family drawing-room, where Mrs. Roosevelt had now begged us to go, the first word of the ladies was, "Let us speak French! We love your language!" And indeed they spoke it with perfect ease. The conversation turned to France, to many sides of our national life little known and very attractive—our family life and other good things of which foreigners are quite ignorant. Perceiving that my questioners were interested and pleased with what I could tell them, I said: "But

I am quite ready to give you a real lecture on these subjects, just you two ladies alone, at the first favourable opportunity." "Oh, no," replied the President's wife, "for such a lecture as that we should invite a lot of people—all our Washington friends who could enjoy a lecture in French. And what would be your title?" "Simply this: '*Unknown France.*'"

It was agreed that I should give this lecture, upon my second visit to Washington, at the end of my tour, in November. Then the conversation took an intimate turn. I was asked about the members of my family and the ages of the children. When one is far from his dear ones, he experiences a great pleasure in talking about them. Then Oyster Bay was spoken of and the President's children, and I saw a number of artistic photographs from which it was easy to get an idea of the life of charming simplicity lived in this home.

At breakfast next morning, the President said: "I am in the secret of what you plotted with the ladies last evening—a lecture at the White House; but aren't we to have a public lecture in Washington?"

"Yes," I replied, "it is this moment being ar-

ranged. The Young Men's Christian Association has the matter in hand."

"The gentlemen will do well to choose a lecture-hall that holds a large audience," said the President, "and I will go myself, to present you to the public."

After breakfast we took a walk in the gardens, where I saw the rose-bushes to which Mrs. Roosevelt herself gives some care, and our conversation was continued. Here I encountered again the younger sons of the President, with whom I had had a word already that morning, in the hall, where I found them carving heads out of chestnuts. One of them had said, "It is you, Mr. Wagner, who wrote some droll stories to amuse children. We don't understand French, but mamma has translated them for us." Now, bareheaded, in simple blue cotton blouses and with books under their arms, they were on their way to the public school.

Toward nine o'clock, I left the White House, setting out with my memory full of the day there and going over and over its details. Dr. Radcliffe, pastor of the church that President Lincoln used to attend, was to take me for a drive and some sight-seeing about Washington. When he showed

me the interior of his church, I noticed that its furnishings had just been renewed. The seats were almost aggressively fresh, save one old one remaining among them, that seemed, in its more sombre colour, to stand out from the rest; it was Lincoln's seat.

A little while afterward, visiting the magnificent Congressional Library, we found ourselves in the great rotunda whence long galleries filled with books radiate in every direction, and we stopped to examine the ingenious mechanism by means of which a borrower receives his book a few minutes after asking for it. A religious silence reigned in these studious spaces filled with readers, some of whom, to cut themselves off more completely, were holding their heads between their hands, and stopping their ears with their thumbs. All at once I espied, on an upper balcony, a party of French savants on their way from St. Louis, and in the midst of the group I distinguished the black beard of my friend Jean Reville. The pleasure of seeing here in such unexpected fashion, this brilliant cluster of learned compatriots, drew from me a spontaneous cry of surprise and satisfaction, which noisy demonstration of patriotic joy created some

little scandal among the readers, absorbed in mute attention to their books. I offered the *amende honorable* to the librarian, who had witnessed the violation of scholastic sanctity, and the indulgent smiles with which it was received, showed that my transgression had been forgiven.

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My impression of Mr. Roosevelt was the same first and last, whether I looked on him with my own eyes, or felt his influence abroad in his country.

The people love their President. There is not a royal house, even among the oldest and those most worthy of the affection of their subjects, which receives so deep and general sympathy as do the young President of the United States and his family. He is respected by all ages and all classes; you might think that he was the chief friend of every household. His word has an unprecedented authority throughout the country, nor is this the effect of a showy and superficial popularity, but of a calm and legitimate ascendency. In the last presidential campaign every effort made against him turned to the hurt of his enemies, and since his triumphant election, the justice of his judgment and his freedom from all political ran-

cour have won even his opponents. Everybody knows that he stands for the best of America, that he has something better than a political policy, that he has an ideal, and that this ideal conforms to the noblest traditions of the Republic as well as to its most weighty future interests. The country's destinies are in good hands.

XVI

A DRIVE AT CORNWALL-ON-THE-HUDSON

AT Cornwall-on-the-Hudson lives Dr. Lyman Abbott, editor of the *Outlook*, whose face is one of the most familiar in America. Not that it is a typical American face, fresh in colour and clean shaven; picture to yourself, rather, the head of an ascetic, a luminous brow heightened by the baldness above it, the face, mild and pensive, brought into relief by a crown of white hair and a long beard—a face it would be easy to imagine in the cell of an anchorite. Dr. Abbott is a great worker, who has written many books, who keeps abreast of the time in philosophy and criticism, and who knows Europe well from personal acquaintance. But his peculiar characteristic, in his manner, his speech, and the form of his thought, is a benevolent simplicity. The calm and geniality of the sage are reflected in his face.

In August he had written that he hoped to show me a bit of American rural life and simplicity, and

now, the twenty-ninth of September, we were setting out on one of the great Hudson River boats. We were scarcely out of New York waters, when the rain came to join the party; the Hudson shrouded itself in fog, and we sailed a gray river between invisible banks. Then night came down over it all, and it was in complete darkness that a carriage conducted us to " The Knoll," the family residence of the Abbotts, where from the obscurity without we emerged into the white light of a pretty house, to be welcomed by Mrs. Abbott's smiling face, the exact counterpart of her husband's, with its fine-cut features and slight pallor.

After a long evening passed in the interchange of ideas, in a home that makes a veritable intellectual centre through the members of the household and their friends, all devoted to intellectual pursuits, connoisseurs in music and art, and interested in everything that makes for good in the world of thought and action, we went to seek sleep in pretty chambers, roomy and airy, whose only adornment was some engravings of a sort good to look at on going to sleep or on waking, pictures full of meaning, of lofty human sentiment, and of strength which they do not fail to communicate. Often, in

the course of my life, I have been impressed by the fact that houses have souls; the soul of this house welcoming us under its roof, was one of beneficence.

The weather's attack of ill-humour passed away during the night, and the hills emerged fresh and sparkling out of the morning vapours. The sun quickly dried the roads, and soon, in an open carriage, with no dust or heat to mar our pleasure, we were following an ideal course over hill and dale. Dr. Abbott drove, and very skilfully. To his beautiful black Arab, clean of limb and light of foot, he had harnessed a mate, to ease the journey; but he called our attention to the fact that this additional horse, driven daily by all sorts of people, was a nondescript livery horse, whereas his own little black steed had individuality.

We had not gone far, when we came upon a great estate, the property of friends of the family, that lies between two long ridges of land, its buildings and its cultivated ground so grouped together that we could easily examine both the produce and the stock. Entering the stables, we noticed on the upper beams, above the heads of the work-horses and the rows of harness, inscriptions of terse

precepts relating to good management and good behaviour. In the dairy, fresh and sweet, the section where most of the milk is kept has no floor, but is paved with little polished pebbles. Over these flows pure cold water, in which the cans of milk and cream stand.

In general, milk is very good in America, and a great quantity of it is consumed, many people using it as a table drink. You even find buttermilk for sale in restaurants and at railway buffets, and its slight acidity is very agreeable to the taste and refreshing in hot weather. This also is used as a table drink, and both kinds of milk are always served fresh, every household, even the humblest, having its provision of ice.

After visiting the cow-barns and pig-pens, we came to the garden, but alas! though it was only the end of September, a night of sharp frost had cut down all the delicate plants. It was painful to see.

Coming out of the garden, between the soft lines of the wooded hills where Autumn was putting on her purple and gold in an enchanted atmosphere full of the colour of flaming leaves, we felt a great peace steal over us. What a contrast to the noise

and dust of the city, amid which we were moving at this same hour the day before! We made a brief visit to the dwelling, which we found to be most comfortable, with great wainscoted rooms full of books, and we came out between rows of pumpkins that stood a sort of rustic guard about the entrance, and entered our carriage by the aid of a large stone serving as an intermediate step between the ground and the higher carriage step. This little arrangement, which saves the traveller from a too long and painful stretch of limb, is found everywhere, and is one of the thousand and one details indicative of practical *savoir-faire.*

A half-hour later we were at Mountainville, and in the apple-orchards of farmer Shaw. This good man received us at his threshold, and at once conducted us to an immense orchard on a side hill. Along the grassy slope, as far as the eye could see, were rows of standard trees weighted with superb apples, old gold and rose, or straw colour flushed with garnet, all in the utmost profusion. The low boughs, stretching out like arms, seemed to say "Taste us." A good opportunity should never be neglected. As I was eating away with great relish, Mr. Shaw said smiling, "I see you like apples."

" I'm very fond of them," I answered, " and yours have an exquisite flavour."

Several months afterward, in my own home, I received one day a crate of apples from America. Each apple being wrapped in paper, they remained as fresh till Easter time as they were on the day of their arrival, soon after Christmas, and never did I taste them without thinking of the slopes of the autumn hills, of the great robin-redbreasts, and of the face of Dr. Lyman Abbott, whose black horses, under the guidance of his sure hand, carried us back through a diversity of landscape, where now and again, from the summit of some hill, we saw the broad silvery stream of the Hudson sparkling.

XVII

A DAY AT BETHANY CHURCH

BETHANY CHURCH, in Philadelphia, introduced me to an expression of religious life in forms I had never hitherto encountered, though America was later to furnish me a great many examples of it, and I wish to consecrate, by a special recognition, the day, never to be forgotten by me, that I passed there,—September 25, 1904. The day before, I had said to my dear friend John Wanamaker, "To-morrow I want to share your whole Sunday," and at half-past eight, in the radiant morning sunshine, we were rolling over the route from Lindenhurst to Philadelphia. The beautiful morning light clothed everything with that hallowed splendour which really comes out of the faith in our souls, to make Sunday seem more beautiful than the other days. I rejoiced in this sweet Sabbath light, happy that I had received in my youth an education which made me capable of discerning it, and happy that I was in

a land where the meaning of these words is understood—*the day that the Lord hath made.* Opposite me, Mr. Wanamaker, the burden of his prodigious business laid aside, was reading over the Bible passages which were to be considered that day; beside him was a bunch of flowers, which he was taking, as his Sunday custom is, to distribute to the sick along the way.

At nine o'clock we reached Bethany church, a great building containing audience rooms, an immense Sunday-school room, and various apartments for Bible classes, young people's associations, and the "Brotherhood," an association of men whose aim is mutual encouragement in righteous living, and the better part of whose inspiration is drawn from passages of the Old and New Testaments. We were received at the door by members of the Brotherhood, who took us first to a small room where about fifty men were assembled, the leaders and members of the great fraternal society. There were greetings and introductions, then a brief discussion upon subjects of practical religious life. Not a superfluous word was spoken, and candour and earnestness characterised all the remarks and showed in all the faces. You felt that you were in

the presence of men of worth, whose chief aim was the right employment of life.

This meeting was preliminary to a large one in the great audience room of the basement, with its capacity of eight or nine hundred people, which was gradually being filled. When we went down we were greeted by a stirring hymn sung by men's voices in fine accord. I was enveloped in a magnetic wave of song that made my whole being vibrate in sympathy with its mysterious uplifting force. I felt that I was being welcomed into the sanctuary of goodwill, of human affection. A call from the better land was borne to me upon the wings of this song, and like a harp touched by the breath of the spirit, my soul began to sing within me. I spoke a few words from the heart to all these new brothers, who plainly received me from the heart, and their resolution to stand by one another in life made me delighted to encounter them. Such a body of men is a power for good in a city; is not the purpose of men to move upward together the most irresistible upward impulse in life? But the meeting was over, and the hour had come for the chief service of the morning, in the auditorium above.

A moving spectacle awaited me there. On plat-

forms at opposite ends of the great temple, choirs of young girls in white were seated, while the body of the church and the galleries were crowded with people full of the desire for edification. Sympathy and alertness could be read on all their faces, and when, after the singing of the choir, I began my first sermon in English, in the midst of a silence so great that I could hear my heart beat, the perfect kindness emanating from the whole great congregation came to the aid of the guest who must speak a language almost strange to him; it upbore him and made it possible for him to give forth, and with joy, all that God in His fatherly kindness had put into his soul for these brothers. The pastors of Bethany—dear Dr. Dickey, with the record of suffering and the power of loving in his gentle and intellectual face, and Dr. Patterson, just returned among his people after a long illness and a grievous separation—were beside me, while members of the church were seated about us, and it seemed to me that their will strengthened mine; never elsewhere have I been so conscious of the aid that man can give to man. Yet I saw most of them for the first time. I found a new aspect of truth that morning in the familiar words, "Where

two or three are gathered together in my name, there will I be in the midst of them."

I had taken my text from the Gospel according to Saint John: "Show us the father," and Jesus' reply: "He that hath seen me hath seen the father." It is a wonderful saying, this reply of Jesus, embodying the central truth of the Gospel, which is that "The place in the world where God is nearest us, is a man's conscience through which He speaks to us." More fully than in the marvels of creation, the splendours of the morning, or the smiling mystery of the starry sky, the invisible Father has shown Himself to us in the eyes of Jesus. Those eyes looked out upon the infinite life, and in their mild depths might be read what passes in the heart of God Himself concerning us. But out of this truth another springs: God did not only clothe Himself in humanity in the person of Jesus, once and in an extraordinary way, but He would always reveal Himself in this way. Jesus says in this same passage from John: "He that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also;" like Him, each of his true disciples shows us the Father. Every man is a witness, a messenger; but alas, there are two kinds of messengers;—there

are some who announce and spread night by the hardness of their hearts, and the maliciousness of their deeds, veiling the face of the Father and filling the earth with darkness. Let us not be found among them, but in the number of the messengers of day, who announce a more beautiful world, and increase man's faith and hope; let *us* show the Father!

At the end of this radiant morning, full of blessings, I rested a little; then, at about two, we went back to "Bethany" to attend a meeting of the Bible Union. Mr. Wanamaker and others, among them myself, offered explanations of certain passages from Saint Paul, illustrating them from personal experience. It was immediately evident that to the minds of these men, the Bible is a store-house from which a supply of personal force is to be extracted; that they were not so much concerned with dogmatic questions or scientific exegesis, as with vital and individual appropriation of the soul's treasure hidden in the Book; and that its pages, which have come down from such a far past and inspired so many generations of readers, awoke in them a profound respect.

From the room where the Bible class was held,

we went down to the great auditorium, into which people were pressing in crowds, many young men and women among them. The pastors made short addresses, and the choirs sang very beautiful hymns. These hymns filled me with delight and I repeated to myself some of their refrains which are prayers in themselves, full of soul and power: *nearer to Thee.* I was impressed with the element of life in all these services. Liturgy, the traditional element, has its place in them, but it receives a daily renewal from active piety; the past and the present in worship are mingled in happy proportion.

After the singing of one of the hymns, there fell a silence, and for some mysterious reason, at that very moment, in the midst of thoughts the music had suggested, the feeling had come to me that it would be good to hear a solo; when, as though in quick response to the desire of my heart, there came forward on the platform a lady in white, a stranger to me, and in a magnificent contralto, rich with an intensity of religious feeling that the finest art cannot simulate, she sang, " If I were a Voice." Since I heard " *Herr, wie du wilst,*" sung by one of the sisters in the Moravian Church at Koenigs-

feld, I had never felt with like power to move, this tone straight from the soul. It seized upon me and transported me to those heights of the eternal Gospel where the dead are alive, where the blind see, the soul's languors are dissipated, sin is vanquished, and the hope of the saints is fulfilled. The sound of this voice bestowed upon me the royal gift of a moment of lofty happiness, a pure and divine foretaste of the true life hidden behind the obscurities of earth; Schiller's lines sang in my memory:

Wie wenn, nach hoffnungslosem Sehnen,
Nach langer Trennung bittrem Schmerz,
Ein Kind, mit heissen Reuethraenen
Sich stürtzt an seiner Mutter Hertz,
So führt zu seiner Heimath Hütten,
Zu seiner Jugend erstem Glück,
Vom fernen Ausland fremder Sitten,
Den Wandrer der Gesang zurück.*

* Even as a child, that, after pining
For the sweet absent mother, hears
Her voice; and round her neck entwining
Young arms, vents all his soul in tears;
So, by harsh Custom far estranged,
Along the glad and guileless track
To childhood's happy home unchanged,
The swift song wafts the wanderer back.
—Edward Bulwer Lytton.

The voice whose song woke within me in that blessed hour a world of harmony and thought, was one which I have since learned is heard in all sorts of environments, even among the outcast. May it do the souls of many of our brothers the good it did to me that day! I believe that such a song can touch hearts which simple speech leaves cold, and can carry the good news of a more human, more self-respecting, and purer life, to hearts that are closed to the usual means of approach.

In a neighbouring part of the building the Sunday-school had meanwhile been coming together. Mr. Wanamaker is the superintendent, and his zeal is as constant here as in the Brotherhood; it may be said that when he is not in Europe, he is never away from his post, and this regularity is a fine example for the thousands of children belonging to the school, an encouragement to the teachers, and a wonderful moral support for the pastors of the church. When a layman does not pride himself on his theology, but is simply a man who learns his daily lesson from life, and seeks to show the spirit of Christ in his ordinary relations, this co-operation is especially valuable; such a man brings his active experience into the church, as a happy

corrective of lifeless forms and dry dogma. American laymen are a precious possession to their churches, and among those of their number who know how to join perfect simplicity of heart to the weight conferred by an exceptional position, I would give a very special place to John Wanamaker. May the coming generations give us men of his kind, that the salutary tradition of their breadth of mind and active piety may be continued!

When I looked out over the Sunday-school of Bethany Church, I seemed to see before me a garden of God. There were thousands of children, with their fresh faces and in their Sunday dress, from little girls and boys of six or seven years to young men and women of eighteen and twenty.

The fine Sunday-school room is so arranged that it may be divided at will into sections entirely isolated from one another, thus grouping the pupils into classes according to their ages and needs. I was specially interested in the very little ones, gathered in numbers around a lady who was holding their attention by means of large pictures, simple and lively hymns, and instruction fit for their young minds. These charming tots sang for

me with great earnestness a song of welcome, in which I distinguished the refrain, "Good-morning to you!"

When the moment comes for the general lesson, the children are all united again by the withdrawal of the partitions, a manœuvre that is accomplished rapidly and noiselessly. In some American churches, all these partitions are made to vanish by the simple pressure of a button or the movement of a lever. When the great room at Bethany Church has been again thrown into one, it presents a beautiful sight. A fountain with banks of flowers around it, plays in the centre; the picture of the younger generation receiving the teachings of evangelical tradition in this attractive place, is altogether charming.

This day, whose peaceful and beneficent light recalled to my mind the old psalm, "A day in thy courts is better than a thousand," was to end with the communion service. We returned to Bethany at about eight o'clock; Philadelphia was wrapped in the dusk of evening, and a Sabbath calm reigned in the streets and brooded over the dwellings; silent groups were making their way toward the sanctuaries; a breath of adoration was in the air. It

was the twilight hour when in the vast and sombre fields of azure, those flowers of eternity, the stars, begin to open, and inevitably the glance turns upward. I crossed the threshold of the temple in silence, my soul full of a sense of the beyond.

Inside, the people were quietly assembling, and the lights illumined the countless sacred vessels on the great table: here were the bread and the cup. After a hymn had been sung, my friend John Wanamaker said to me, speaking low, "To-night you are our guest at the Supper of the Lord; talk to us like a brother."

I have never broken this bread, as the Master taught us to do in remembrance of Him, without dedicating my soul to all the beloved dead and all the living. The great question, the mystery of our common life of love and suffering, broods over this meal; our vision of the solidarity of the human family, on the other side of the barriers of life's beginning, and beyond the barrier of the tomb, grows clearer when we break the bread with Him who moves in our midst, from age to age, in the sacred communion of trial and of hope.

On that night, I felt His presence very near;

and likewise there were near me beloved beings whom I have lost, and all the absent loved ones, left behind in the far-off home; and the circle increased with this communion, grew more and more vast. For was I not in Philadelphia, the City of Brotherly Love, the centre of so much fine tradition; was I not in the midst of the sons of Penn and descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers? A cloud of invisible witnesses gathered in the shadow, above the heads of the living.

When the time came for me to speak, my inspiration rose out of all these things, and it was given me to interpret, as I felt it, the great solemnity of the hour. The hearts about me were touched upon the golden cord that vibrates under the eternal emotions, and by a perceptible movement of the Spirit, we became verily one soul.

In the midst of one of those moments of silence in which man hears the passing wings of ministering angels, the venerable pastor rose to pronounce the words of consecration which bless the bread and wine: "This is my body. . . . This is my blood." As in the heart of a thirsty flower-cup the dew-drops gather, so these words, refreshing, vivifying, fell upon the thirst of souls; and He who

would be all in all, who understands all men and loves them, was here saying to us: "My flesh is meat indeed, and my blood is drink indeed." The fruit of His sacrifice was renewed in us all, and each felt himself infused with that virtue which strengthens the weak hands and enlightens the unseeing eyes. The secret sources of the higher life seemed to be unlocked, and currents of living water to flow over the fields of the spirit.

There are moments when the veil that hides the great mystery seems transparent, when by faith we seize upon the eternal life at a glance. There is no more fear, no more doubt, no more discord, but perfect trust, tranquil assurance, and complete harmony. Every valley is filled, the mountains are made low, and distance is overleaped: what seemed far away is at our side, what we thought lost, is found.

Such moments have an infinite richness; the centuries are bound up within them; in them we make provision of light for periods of darkness. I had just lived through at Bethany Church one of these eternal moments. What a precious remembrance of it I keep, and shall always keep! How I bless the Father who granted it to me, and the brothers who

made it possible! Like Jacob when he turned from Bethel, I said within myself as I left that dear house of prayer: "Surely Jehovah is in this place. . . . This is none other than the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven."

XVIII

RELIGIOUS LIFE

ONE of the outward manifestations of religious life in a nation is church attendance, and at the hours of church service the streets are peopled by a crowd of a particular aspect. At all times the passers have their psychology, and we get different impressions from watching them file by, according as they may be out for pleasure, on the way to business, or returning from the races or a play: the spirit that animates them depends upon the occupation of the moment.

In American cities, on Sunday morning, the avenues leading to the churches present a spectacle at once of peculiar animation and of calm. All the passers seem to be in meditation; you feel that they are conscious of where they are going, and are already thinking of what they are about to hear. On their way homeward, they still will be thinking; in a word, they have the air of taking very seriously the matter that is occupying them.

It is unnecessary to point out to me what superficiality such an observance, once become a habit, may possess. The tendency to go with the crowd exists everywhere, and the outward religious practices of some people may be as snobbish as the irreligion of others. I do not hesitate to suppose that in these crowds borne toward the churches by this movement, there may be found people who are there only from habit, the worldly, and hypocrites who praise God on Sunday and cheat their neighbour during the week; the world is the world, and men are men; our faults accompany us everywhere as well as our good qualities. But having said this in order to make it clear that I do not permit myself to be deceived by appearances, I reiterate that I was greatly impressed by this Sunday procession toward the churches.

In New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, wherever I passed a Sunday, I saw the same thing. Even admitting that it is a habit, there are such things as good ones, and among the best is that of setting a day apart for rest, for remembering that we aren't beasts of burden, and for going to join with our fellow-men of all sorts and conditions, in giving ourselves up to thought about the great verities

that govern life, and the essential courses of our destiny, wherein, underneath the surface distinctions, we are all one. In certain outward habits may be found true and faithful manifestations of the invisible.

Religious life in America is represented by a multitude of societies and denominations, that run the whole gamut of man's ideas and emotions. Among these divers groups there exist contrasts and contradictions, but at bottom their very number is a sign of splendid vitality. One might well question whether in small centres several little chapels are not a harmful luxury; whether it might not be advisable to consolidate, so as to better work for an end which is, after all, common; and the question daily presents itself with more and more insistence; but from the state of affairs as they practically exist, observations may be made as favourable as these are unfavourable.

To begin with, entire liberty is the boon common to all these churches; no distinctions are made in favour of any one of them or to its detriment. Church members maintain their worship at their own expense, and organise it as to them seems good. In the atmosphere of this general freedom,

everybody respects his neighbour, and for one church to preach against another, is contrary to the universal practice; each does the best it can, and leaves its neighbour unmolested. Among the different Protestant denominations cordial relations exist, and are all the time increasing; they feel that they have need of one another, and opportunities for fraternising are eagerly sought, while points of contact multiply from year to year.* This has not always been the case. America has known periods of sharp intolerance, and it is quite true that it does not require a long search to find actual and operative instances of that sectarian bias which denies those of different ideas a right to the name of Christians; but a tremendous advance has been made toward mutual justice and respect for the soul and the beliefs of others. Narrowness is becoming the extreme exception; breadth of view is the rule. America has learned freedom and respect for freedom in the school of history, she has seen whither religious absolutism leads, and the national temperament, such as it has gradually been shaped by

* Quite recently several associations have been formed, whose object is to promote friendly intercourse between the clergy of different denominations, and to further the cause of religious unity.

goodwill, perseverance, and the desire to be, above all things, just to every one, has been slowly ridding itself of the pest of sectarianism.

My books had made me known among people of denominations the most diverse, so that I was invited to give lectures and to preach in Presbyterian, Episcopal, Methodist, Unitarian, Congregational and Baptist churches. I even had the rare privilege of speaking in a synagogue, something that even in America was an exceptional event, and the day before my departure I received a letter from the President of a society of Catholic ladies, begging me to give a lecture in behalf of one of the society's objects. I greatly regretted that the nearness of my sailing prevented me from giving a proof of sincere and fraternal sympathy for the Catholic Church.

In Protestant churches there is often to be observed what seems to me a very happy commingling of tradition and modern thought. It first impresses itself in the aspect of church buildings, in which one finds himself enveloped in an atmosphere and surrounded by objects wherein respect for the past is happily combined with independent and active piety. Naturally exceptions are not wanting, and

formalism and the barrenness of dogma on the one hand, and on the other, the barrenness of rationalism, the absence of the mystical element, and misjudgment of the soul of the past, are phenomena to be met with here as well as in the old world; but the general impression is that of a healthy and active piety, respectful toward the spirit of tradition, which it perpetuates intelligently in the most liberal manifestations of contemporaneous thought and feeling. This fact enabled me to arrive at a good understanding with those Christians of America whom I met, and I learned to like them greatly for their amenity, their open-mindedness, their warmth, and the boldness of their views. Disciple of a liberal and popular interpretation of the everlasting Gospel, having for thirty years expended my strength in an effort to put into ordinary and comprehensible language the old exalted truths, I have sometimes had the misfortune, on our beloved older continent, to be taken for an iconoclast, whereas night and day I toil at shaping stones and putting them into place, in order to do my part toward building the new city of the soul. But in America all the spiritual joys one experiences at being profoundly understood, were so richly be-

stowed upon me, that I ought never again to complain of the little bitternesses inflicted by prejudice and narrowness of soul.

A host of American churches are institutional, that is to say, they include very complete social and educational organisations. Their vast basements as well as adjacent buildings are used for gatherings of children and young people, for reading circles, sewing classes, and various entertainments. Many times I saw tables set in these halls, for friendly suppers of the different societies. In such ways the members of a congregation are brought together elsewhere than in religious meetings, and the church becomes a centre where the lonely may find a family, and youth have companionship in an atmosphere favourable to its education and progress. At many of these social gatherings there is singing; both vocal and instrumental music receive great attention, and the collections of hymns are very well made and suited to the time, giving expression to religious feeling in a multitude of stirring and modern ways. And the joining of the congregation in the singing of the choirs at Sunday services, produces a result that filled me with admiration. The richness of this fine singing, full of force and

expression, is wonderfully edifying; how many times did its harmony transport me, refresh me, inspire me!

The atmosphere of freedom has brought forth upon the American soil a Catholicism of a very particular kind, active, original, determined to advance in accord with what is best in our epoch. We have become acquainted with it in France through a great number of publications, particularly the works of the Abbé Klein. It has the highest claims upon our attention and sympathy, and holds within it useful lessons not only for the Catholicism but also for the Protestantism of our old European countries. The spirit of freedom, of Christian hardihood, of wide and intelligent comprehension of the new duties of Christ's disciples, finds within it individual expression of exceptional value, and produces aggregates that leave nothing to be desired from the standpoint of practical power for the moral and religious progress of the communities in whose midst their activity is displayed. I made it a duty, as I felt it a pleasure, to go as far as St. Paul, for the purpose of presenting my respects to the venerable Archbishop Ireland. In the spirit in which it is represented by this great

and good man, and by many of the most authoritative of his colleagues, Catholicism is eminently sympathetic; it is very American, liberal, determined to live in harmony with the other religious bodies.

Beyond question, another Catholicism, particularistic, exclusive, exists by its side, whose present course can but be deplored by the friends of the broader and more generous Catholic Church, among whom I shall always count myself. I am going to present some reflections which this attempt at a retrograde movement has suggested; they are as applicable to the other religious bodies as to Catholics, and true on both sides of the ocean.

The churches are able to marshal a great number of forces, among which are a tremendous power of resistance for opposing what they think they ought, and a beautiful and wonderful power of attraction and assimilation, for drawing to themselves and absorbing whatever seems to be advantageous to them. The more considerable a power is, the more discerningly should it be employed; do the churches always use these great forces with sufficient discernment as to their duty and their higher interests? It is a question that one may well

ask. In spite of their wisdom, so ripe, so marvellously subtle, a wisdom that we wish we might always hold in respect, it sometimes happens that they become confused between the uses of their powers of resistance and those of their powers of attraction, and too often when the latter should be called into action, they employ the former; they rear a massive barrier in the way of what they ought to welcome, and welcome what they ought to oppose.

The religious bodies that have taken upon themselves the task of making specially prominent their combative qualities, have failed at the same time in their duty to themselves and their duty to their time. In considering the present situation of the Catholic Church, for example, are not her well-wishers justified in thinking she has done herself wrong in Europe, and especially in France, by assuming a repulsive and combative attitude toward certain essential principles of the modern world, like freedom of conscience and of investigation, equal rights, democracy, and historical criticism? while it is to the cordial reception of these principles that she, as well as all contemporary religious groups, might owe a new evolution, beneficial to

the whole world, of a destiny already so far-reaching and so splendid? Why wage a mortal warfare against that which would be your salvation, and cherish or receive with hospitality ideas and practices injurious to you?

American Catholicism is a plain proof of the justice of these reflections; what has made it powerful and capable of maintaining itself is the atmosphere of freedom breathed in America, and a great danger would threaten its development the moment it should give heed to badly inspired counsellors. It would be contrary to the most elementary wisdom, to try to introduce into the land of liberty the old methods that have so often brought the Church under suspicion with liberal Europe. Why array ourselves against the liberty and the public laws under whose protection we flourish?

* * * * *

Among the elements that go to make up the essential substance of what I shall call the better America, the religious element is chief, and one of the great problems confronting the country today, is the transference of its religious inheritance into thought and expression that can be assimilated by the modern mind. If religious America,

following the course of certain religious bodies of Europe, should attempt to isolate itself from modern thought, to stop its ears, after the manner of decrepit and servile conservatism, it would gradually degenerate into a foreign body at the heart of the nation, become simply a "force of inertia," instead of remaining, as it should do, and has done hitherto, the nation's true controlling force. To direct, inspire and inform the public spirit, to guide the course of the education of youth, to epitomise in an ideal that is ever being renewed, all the better aspirations of a people, demands a living force, neglectful of nothing, disdainful of nothing, uniting the pious remembrance that guards what is best in the heritage of the past, with the spirit of research, of toil, of that freedom by which the future is to be conquered.

America will know how to resolve this problem, because she keeps herself in readiness to receive the new impulsions of that divine Spirit, which alone is able, at the successive stages of humanity, to disclose to us the necessary "word proceeding out of the mouth of God," and to furnish us the fresh manna essential to our souls. She has, in all her different denominations, a great number of men

who have arrived at harmonising, in their inner life, respect for sacred tradition and the duty of keeping in contact with the life of the present and its needs. These men avail themselves of every source of light that might aid them to translate the old verities into new language, without letting any part of them go. We were happy to find in their hands the books of our noted compatriot, Auguste Sabatier, one of the most faithful believers and one of the best authorities of modern times. The synthesis of tradition with the aspirations of the present, found in him, and has found in his writings, a most happy expression. He is one of those to whom, when the ways have been opened, the obstacles overcome, and the new places for the soul's refuge established, the future will owe most. Having known him well and loved him much, and having shared the suffering that the suspicions of a narrow ecclesiasticism made this valiant spiritual pioneer undergo, I experienced a profound joy when I saw that by the grace of God, who brings the dead to life, this dear one departed is among those who are aiding here to build the religious city of to-morrow.

XIX

THE BIBLE IN THE UNITED STATES

WHEN the men of old went out from their native country to establish colonies, they carried with them, as the most important of their possessions, their household gods; for there are divinities august and far removed, and there are familiar divinities. We have need that the facts of domestic life, the everyday duties and joys and sorrows, be under the protection of a sanctifying and reassuring watchfulness.

The early American colonists, especially those who contributed most toward making the country what it has become, brought with them the Bible. Often they had been the victims of a narrow sectarianism, whose violent persecution had forced them to leave their native soil. Uprooted as they were, torn away from all their old traditions, they came as strangers to a strange land, with an utterly new life before them. But fortunately for them, they brought with them that Bible which is in itself a tradition and a fatherland.

When they opened it, at night, under the new shelters they had made themselves in their clearings in the forest solitudes, the feeling in their hearts was like that of a man separated from his country and his kin, when he looks at the stars. He sees what he has often seen before, in his home land. This same light which smiled on his childhood and is still shedding its rays over the country he has left behind, greets him here. In these changed surroundings, how good it is to see something that is changeless! So for these colonists of the new world, to open the Bible in the midst of their families was to illumine their hearths with a flame that radiated the dearest memories of the past and the greatest cheer for the future. Is not this Book heavy with all men's griefs and exultant with all their hopes? Is it not an inexhaustible quarry whence granite and marble may be drawn for the building of new cities? Without traditions, laws, or political organisation, utterly self-dependent in the face of a wilderness of unexplored territory, these first American colonists found all their needs supplied in the Good Book. It was their riches in the midst of poverty, and since they owed it more than others do, and were conscious of their debt, they

loved it more. And this love for the Book which furnished them the foundations of their cities, the basis of their Constitution, the shelter over their heads and the nutriment of their souls, this love in which gratitude was blended with faith and experience, they have handed down to their successors.

It does not matter that floods of people, with the blood and the ideas of all the nations on earth, pour into the United States; at the root of the national life, at the very heart of the American people, wrought out of the best elements of a tolerant and harmonious religion, and the most fundamental principles of a true and sure morality, the biblical mentality is intrenched. Everybody understands the Bible language and its splendid and impressive figures. In everyday speech, in the style of authors and journalists, in college instruction, in the speeches of statesmen, on all sides, in fact, you encounter, not exact quotations nor the odious cant phrases that are almost invariably a sign of hypocrisy, but involuntary reminiscences of the poetry of the Bible, colours borrowed from Bible landscapes, breaths wafted from Tabor or Golgotha.

America has not only its Bible societies, Bible

houses and Bible classes, it even has Bible Teachers' Training Schools. I visited the one at New York, which is in fact a little university. The aim of these schools is to make the Bible known to those who wish to teach or interpret it, and some of their characteristic methods and ideas are very worthy of being noted. I transcribe what follows from the prospectus of the New York school.

The Church's greatest need is acquaintance with the Scriptures. The unification of Christendom, so much to be desired, must come about neither from sentimental nor from practical considerations, but from a profounder initiation into the truths of the faith, a thing to be acquired only through the study of the Bible.

The Bible should be studied with the same scientific and critical acumen as any other book, and in accordance with the most approved methods.

Again, we should endeavour to take a fresh view of the facts, not permitting ourselves to be hampered or limited by any system or doctrine; at the same time we should avoid the mistake of thinking we have nothing to learn from our predecessors. For there are these two fatal tendencies in pursuing any study whatever: one, the tendency to accept

everything at second hand; the other, the tendency to refuse so to accept anything.

And again: Never *put anything into* the Scriptures, but draw out of them everything they really contain.

These are excellent principles, and numbers of enlightened friends of the Bible in America are striving to follow them. Far from fleeing the researches of science in these matters, they eagerly follow their lead, and do everything possible to spread them abroad. And what good foundation they have for the confidence they thus show! The Bible is a book in which the religious light and moral warmth of the past are conserved, as primeval vegetations, with all the sunshine they had drunk in, are condensed in the earth's mines. Such a store of sunshine can be turned again into light: but do not approach this book with preconceived ideas of it. The Bible is the least exclusive of books. It may be compared to his Father's house, in which Jesus said are many mansions. If the different classes of human minds would be willing to install themselves each in its own mansion, without claiming it to be the only one, and let their neighbours do the same, from this dwelling together in

brotherliness would proceed a wealth of view. For the Bible is comprehensive as no other book is. All the happy contradictions which go to make up life, and which sectarians methodically exclude from their conception of things, are reconciled and harmonised in the Bible. Systems stultify us with all their logic; the Bible is a reflection of life itself, unbounded, illimitable; in its atmosphere we breathe freely, and the study of the Scriptures without any dogmatic reservations, is the best tonic for the mind of religious men. From this point of view, it is perhaps even more a book of the future than of the past. Certain alarmist authorities have named the Bible *the book of heretics*, by which they mean to characterise it as a book dangerous when free, only salutary when in bondage. So they have sluiced its unfettered and vigorous torrents, to make them turn the wheels of their own particular mills. But there always comes a day when the torrents break loose, bearing wheels, mills and millers away with them.

The power of powers—that power of which all the manifestations of matter in action, the widest display of creative energy as well as the most subtle, the swiftest and most formidable destructive

forces, are but feeble symbols—is the Spirit; and the human expression of the Spirit is the Word. The Word is sacred, let no one lay hands upon its liberty. And this Word in the sense of the best that has been thought and said in the world, is the Bible. Both in detail and as a whole, it has been subjected to much violence; all the weapons of deceit and malignity have been turned against it; yet its worst enemies have not been its antagonists but its injudicious friends who try to domesticate it in their sacristies. The Bible is like the eagles; it must have perfect freedom to spread its wings. Let the Word take its free and natural flight, and it will be your salvation, it is the most resistless, the most deathless, and the most hopeful of all our inheritances, and at the same time the least tyrannical and the least intolerant.

In this Book, there are hosts of the dead who are living, and who would speak to the living that are dead; it will always be the marvellous Book of all the alliances, old or new, through which we are strong. The best wish to be made for America is that she may remain capable of understanding and loving this Book and its inexhaustible Spirit, so that fresh shoots from the old and vigorous stock

of the Prophets and the Gospel, may be put forth with each new generation.

While we are speaking of the Bible, let us in conclusion trace a parallel between two very different ways of using it. To some people it is an arsenal stocked with weapons for assailing their neighbours, in which all the engines of destruction may be found, from the most primitive to the most elaborate. Churches and sects have drawn much upon this collection. In running through the Bible from this point of view, it is easy to point out passages by which this or that doctrine is demolished, this or that heresy throttled; the fields of battle, the places of execution and massacre are definitely marked. But the Bible was not made to help us destroy one another, to employ it so is to abuse it, to commit the crime that is always possible, in putting even the best things to wrong uses.

There are others, happily, to whom the Bible appears as an immense store-house of invigorating strength, of enlightenment of soul, and of tenderness. When it is looked at from this point of view, its pages recall countless benefits to mankind. The unhappy and unfortunate of all the ages, have taken refuge in its high sanctuaries. There broken cour-

age has been restored, hearts tortured by the remembrance of sin have found pardon; the Book's wealth lies not only in its own resources, but also in the immense capital of the good it has done. The latter way of understanding the Scriptures has a growing representation in the United States.

XX

WITH THE FRIENDS

AMONG the various groups of the American people, whose reception remains vivid in my remembrance, I ought to mention specially the Society of Friends, most numerous to-day in Philadelphia, the city of Penn. People of severe and sturdy simplicity, scornful of lying conventions and formal prescriptions, the Friends have long preached and practised "the simple life," so that a lively sympathy inclined them toward my ideas, in which they recognised what had been their own ideals and aspirations for centuries. For my part, I had long had the desire of encountering some of them. It had happened to me, here and there, in the course of my life, to know people whose religious practices were of this laic form, broad and truly human, and their uprightness and unpretentious kindness had made an extraordinary impression upon me; for nothing wins me like directness, sincerity, and absence of affectation.

The Friends have so far broken with formalism,

that they might almost be considered formalists from excess of informality; for instance, it is not permitted them to invite any one to their meetings. I was not, then, in any sense invited among them, and I should have been for ever deprived of the pleasure of being there, had I waited for the making of a definite engagement; but there came a suggestion, almost by chance, that I go without ceremony. So I went, and nobody seemed to observe the fact.

I found the meeting-house furnished with nothing but benches—no organ was there, no religious symbolism. The windows are so placed as to light the room very judiciously, but not so that one may see what is going on outside. All the Friends are laymen, there are no clergy. When they come together, each one takes his seat in silence, without paying any attention to his neighbours; no one looks about, and no matter what visitor chances to arrive, no one disturbs himself, but everybody appears indifferent to his coming; it would seem that the Friends had borrowed from the old Stoics their *nil mirari.*

The meeting begins in silence; there is no liturgy, no chant, and nobody says anything; they all think.

The faces are characteristically serious and benevolent, and on all sides reign a great calm and the spirit of peace. Never have I better understood the speech of silence than in this assembly dedicated to meditation. If no one finds sufficient reason for breaking this silence, the congregation departs as it came, after the lapse of a reasonable time, and it does not enter any one's mind to regret that no word has been spoken.

It is said that the Arabs mistrust the loquacious and honour the silent; in this matter the Friends are Arabs; yet it seemed evident to me that to come and go without uttering a word, would be an offence against one of their fundamental principles, which is to speak when you are moved to. I was moved to speak, and as I had a number of things to say, I arose, and said them, where I was. Several men and women replied, and after the meeting, a number of them came up, all "thee-and-thouing" me, according to their custom:—"I have read thy book." "I am pleased to meet thee."

Among themselves the Friends are absolutely delightful, and their calm does the soul no end of good in this restless age. I never tired of contemplating some of their good faces, at once full of life

and of peace; I was particularly struck with the depth and beauty of one venerable man's blue eyes. Fear nothing, be not dismayed, do not worry, do not hurry; act with good sense and tranquillity, and trust in God—this sums up a goodly number of their principles. Another is to respect the soul of every man. No other people have a like veneration for conscience, or show more delicacy of respect for its integrity; there are no autocrats among them, no use of compulsion; every individuality is sacred; never, according to their ideas, should we substitute our own conscience for another man's, influencing him to acts in which he is nothing but our instrument.

The Friends cannot be judged by their number, quite limited to-day, nor by surface appearances, nor by the position they seem to occupy in the world. As they are modest and scorn the trumpeting of good deeds, it takes time to inform yourself of their value as an active principle in the society of the time.

The fact is that by reason of their honesty, their thrifty simplicity, their contented minds and methodical ways, they have long held an extraordinary position. Some of the most important of the

country's affairs are in their hands, and are passed on from father to son; for as business men the Friends are wise and scrupulous. Many of them have large fortunes, but they make no display of their charities, and this unobtrusive generosity is greatly to their honour.

Several of the best schools of Philadelphia and its vicinity are under the direction of the Friends, some of them restricted to their own children, others for the benefit of the community at large. Much work and little noise, seems to be the device of these educators, and their calm is itself a power in education. The best schoolmaster is he whom nothing astonishes, and whose disposition is perfectly even, provided it be not too inflexible. These Quaker teachers do not try to win their pupils by smiles and cajolery; nothing of the sort; they are simply kind with unvarying kindness. A too demonstrative kindness is a fair-weather sign indicative of squalls to come; it is sometimes only nervousness, and nerves, in education . . . There must be none!

Often, when I visited these tranquil schoolrooms, a regret arose in me that I was not a child again, I should have been made so happy by the

life I saw there, a perfectly normal and natural life, and penetrated in the most unostentatious way with the perfume of spirituality, recalling forest trails rather than the incense of altars. For these good people possess the modesty of religion; religion is ever present with them, but never paraded; their language is as natural and free from cant as possible. They love children, in whom the future lies, and know how to treat them, without indulging them either too much or too little.

They also love the dead, with whom lies remembrance, and know how to honour them without trespassing upon the rights of the living. While the boys and girls were at their games on the campus of the "Friends' Select School," in Philadelphia, I was walking on adjoining ground, along an old sunny wall with clumps of bushes growing against it, in which little birds sat preening their feathers. Up on top of the city hall tower, the colossal statue of Penn seemed to stand guard over the parks, the two rivers and the harbour alive with its shipping. The activity of the great city was throbbing all about us in its tremendous arteries. Suddenly my foot struck a stone, flat in the short grass; upon it was the name of one of the great

American Friends, and looking about me more attentively, I discovered other stones, and other names: I was in an old cemetery. Here, then, they lay, those valiant pioneers, who had helped in the building of America; here they were sleeping, those men of peace, who had obstinately suffered persecution to gain it. I meditated on their spirit of sacrifice, their tranquil faith, that almost superhuman heroism which characterises certain episodes in their history, and their invincible patience, which made their resistance to any form of tyranny like the resistance of the irreducible pebble. The joyous shouts of the children vibrated in my ears, and the dust of the dead trembled under my feet. The thrill of a beautiful and abundant pulse of life shot through me, wherein the fresh strength of life's morning and the solidarity of the past were mingled, and above the graves of the fathers I prayed for their children with the candid eyes and glowing cheeks; while on the wings of the breeze and the sun-rays, there came a mysterious salutation from the invisible Father, in Whom all the generations of men are one.

XXI

THE GUEST OF ISRAEL

DURING the last week of my stay in New York, I received a note from the Rev. Dr. Blum, a rabbi of Alsatian descent, asking for an interview. We met the next day, which was Friday.

"You have many friends among the Jews," said Dr. Blum, "and numbers of those who have read your books would be very glad to encounter you; would you go to the synagogue to meet them?"

When I replied that nothing could give me greater pleasure, he hastened away to tell Dr. Silverman, the distinguished rabbi of Temple Emanu-El, and later the two rabbis came in company, to invite me to take part in the next day's services.

The appointment was made, and I experienced a great spiritual joy in the thought of worshipping with the descendants of the Prophets, with sons of the race to which the world owes Jesus Christ and all the greatest treasures of its religious patrimony. I thought of my dear Jewish friends in Paris, and

of one home in particular, that is specially near to my heart, where for years, in fulfilment of the wish of an old grandmother, no longer with us, I have been fraternally associated in the family celebration of the feast of the Passover. Such an invitation extended to an *infidel* (in the orthodox phraseology) was certainly not conformable to any official rule, but it was given with such good intention, and accepted so heartily, that a bit of the millennium always seemed to me to be germinating in the hospitality shown around that paschal table, overshadowed by its ancient and venerable traditions. I have never been able to forget that Jesus instituted the Supper of the New and Universal Covenant, at the table where he had just partaken of the feast of the Old.

When I was about to leave Paris, these Jewish friends said to me, " See what the American Jews are doing, in religious, moral, social and educational affairs, and tell us when you come back." Before this hospitality in New York, I had heard, at the Universal Peace Congress in Boston, addresses by such rabbis as the Rev. Dr. Henry Berkowitz, who gave expression to as lofty sentiments as the memorable days of the Congress brought forth; and at

Pittsburg I had made the acquaintance of Rabbi Leonard Levy, the young editor of the *Jewish Criterion,* an organ of Reform Judaism. This was on the occasion of a convention of Pennsylvania Sunday-schools, and the rabbi, having a Sunday-school of his own, was interested in the questions discussed. Not only was he seated on the platform with the clergy and the organisers of the meetings, but when an appeal was made for funds for certain Protestant schools, he instantly made a generous contribution. That evening, in his synagogue, Rodoph Sholom, we held a "peace meeting," at which representatives of the divers Protestant sects and of Catholicism sat side by side; while at Chicago, a few days later, there was a like reunion at Temple Sinai, the vast synagogue of Rabbi Hirsch. And it was the sentiment of all of us, that if ever peace is to dwell in this world, the different religions must renounce their old quarrels and abolish the scandal of their anti-fraternal exclusions, to give to the nations the example of an *entente cordiale,* and of their sincere conversion to a superior worship, wherein Unity shall have been created out of diversity.

All these things came to my mind as I waited

for the hour to go to Temple Emanu-El, the splendid meeting-place of a vast congregation of Reform Jews. Arrived at the Temple, I was met by a committee of the Emanu-El Brotherhood, including its octogenarian president, Mr. Seligman. The service began with chanting and a liturgy, followed by the reading of the Torah. I noticed that no one kept on his hat, and that the greater part of the chants and prayers were in the vernacular. Dr. Silverman preached on "the simple life" and simplicity of creed, comparing too complicated dogma to the armour of Saul, in which the young David stifled and which he put off, crying, "I cannot go with these." Then, cutting short his discourse, he presented me to his congregation, as their guest, begging me, with the utmost courtesy, to take his place and speak to them.

Such a cordial reception was given my words, and such brotherliness and sympathy were shown me afterward, that it was not possible to refuse a second invitation, made further in advance, in order that more members of the Emanu-El Brotherhood might come together. But, alas! I had not another free evening, and the best we could do was to appoint a meeting for ten o'clock on the last

night of my visit. That night I was to speak before the French branch of the Young Men's Christian Association. When after this address I reached the synagogue, in company with Dr. Silverman and Dr. Blum, we found it crowded with an audience of twenty-five hundred people. They had passed an hour in listening to music and hearing a report of their Brotherhood.*

At the first glance, I felt that I had the absolute sympathy of my auditors; the soul of hospitality that characterised the old Israelites was beaming in these faces, and at the thought of all that this people had done and suffered, an intense emotion swept over me; the tremendous antiquity of their traditions seized upon my imagination, and I inclined in spirit before more than three thousand years of history crowned on the far horizon by the giant peaks of prophetism.

I chose two texts from the prophet Malachi, and

* Among the people whom I met that evening, was the widow of Simon Borg, who has since been taken from the midst of her seven devoted children. She was one of the chosen, her whole life consecrated to doing good. In the conversation I had with her, I found her so full of courage to bear the ills of life, and of such firm faith united with so deep a comprehension of the beliefs of others, that I shall ever keep a most pleasing remembrance of her.

out of respect for the breadth of thought that had inspired the offer of such religious hospitality as I was enjoying, I spoke these texts in Hebrew. The first was: "Have we not all one father? hath not one God created us?" and the second: "And he shall turn the heart of the fathers to the children, and the heart of the children to their fathers."

The words of this second text are the last in the Old Testament, and they might serve as a formula for normal human life, in all its domains. "The fathers"—that means tradition; "the children"—they are the new times: it would not be possible to have either a continuity of history or a real stability in the national, social or religious structure, without the harmonious concurrence of these two forces of past and future; the two watchwords of that superior mentality in which all the beneficent forces are wedded, are *remember* and *onward*. I attempted to draw from these great sayings of Malachi some of the truths they contain, and to call attention to their happy exposition of that real independence which is the inspiration of all fruitful liberty; and I concluded somewhat as follows:—"Our fathers, the fathers of all western religion, are you, are your prophets, pioneers in so extraordinary a progress,

that in spite of their distance from us in the venerable past, even to-day they still point out to us the ways of the future. The rest of us are the children; and if ever the hearts of the children were to turn from the fathers, it would be an ungrateful thing, leading to sure disaster. Thus whoever knows what the religious world owes you, pronounces the name of Israel with veneration.

"But if you are the fathers, and if all honour and filial respect is due you from us, ought you not also to recognise your children? The old race of Isaiah, of him whose prophetic words marked out men's destinies in the passage so full of hope and of the future:—*and there shall come forth a shoot out of the stock of Jesse*—this old race is one with the new family, and never have I felt the truth of it more deeply than this evening. We all need to meditate upon the broad and magnanimous spirit that breathes in this fine text, in order to bring ourselves into unison with its intent. Thus shall we join the Old Testament and the New in fruitful collaboration. Each calls for the other, they interpret one another, and they are never so great as when bound between the same covers."

It is always well to cultivate hope and ideality,

even in the atmosphere of a materialism that regards you as a Utopian. Some years earlier, in my book "The Better Way," I had expressed the hope that the different religious families, while each still fostered its own peculiar beliefs, might some day meet on the ground of a serene and benevolent hospitality, and that people might be invited from church to church, as they are from family to family. How many smiles that naïve page evoked from the sages of this world! That night at Temple Emanu-El, I perceived that we were not so far as we might be from these spiritual agapæ among men of different religions, and I promised myself that I would neglect no opportunity for making possible these love-feasts of so great mutual benefit.

It was not far from midnight when we left this house of prayer, where hearts had come so near one another; but it was not too late for one more cordial gathering; my friends of the Synagogue took me to one of their clubs for a supper. Around the table were seated prominent members of the Synagogue—Mr. Seligman, the banker; Dr. Singer and several of his collaborators on the Jewish Encyclopedia, which will be one of the most interesting historical monuments of our time; Mr. Lewi-

sohn, known for his gifts to universities and his works of general philanthropy, and a number of college professors and school teachers. There were speeches, the most interesting to me being that of a teacher on the East Side, among the dense population that is being daily augmented by Jewish families who have been driven out of Europe. These people create a tremendous problem for the American Jews, and from the response Mr. Lewisohn made to this speech, I saw that the intentions of these men are on a level with the most exacting duties. They feel responsible for these thousands, these myriads of their unfortunate brothers thrust out from their native lands, and seek not only to keep them from starvation during the first months of their coming, but also to sustain them morally and materially until a new future opens to them. A few days before, I had visited the Montefiore Home, a great hospital on the banks of the Hudson, for incurables of all ages. Here the poor unfortunates are received without distinction of race or creed, just as patients are received at Mount Sinai Hospital, an establishment with the best modern equipment. I went away from the supper, that early morning, with the impression, confirmed

by all my other experiences among the American Jews, of an active and highly intelligent community, open to all lofty ideas, that has been influenced in the happiest way by the vitalising air of the New World.

XXII

OUR BLACK BROTHERS

I HAD awaited with a certain impatience an opportunity to meet representatives of the negro race, and one of the first of them with whom I came into personal contact, was a cabman who drove me about Washington, and who informed me that he had read " The Simple Life." His words were accompanied by such expansive smiles, that his face, illumined by the flash of white teeth, remains fresh in my memory.

In families, in restaurants, on trains, wherever negroes were employed, they appeared to me to work cheerfully and acquit themselves with credit. There is specially good opportunity to observe them while they polish your shoes. America abandons to every man the care of his own footgear; as a rule, his shoes are not cleaned for him, either in private families or hotels,* but as he takes them off at

* I should, however, reproach myself if I did not disclose the fact, that in a number of houses we surprised our friends themselves occupied in blacking our shoes, the servants not being accustomed to do it.

night, so he puts them on in the morning, and at the first opportunity he gives himself into the hands of one of those efficient bootblacks, whose street cry is "Shine! shine!" The bootblack offers him a seat, a commodious arm-chair, sometimes of regal splendour, suggestive of the sort of throne the bootblacks of the good city of Lyons have their customers mount, and very far removed in dignity from the poor substitute in the shape of a box, offered by our Paris porters. If you wish greater privacy than the street affords, you are invited into some basement, or oftener into a hotel lobby. During the operation of polishing, the customer, pressed for time, generally reads his paper, or occupies himself in some other way; but I took care to avoid that. A man who is having a service rendered him, owes some attention to the brother who for the moment is giving it; and such a service as it is in this case! Do not suppose that a blacking-box and brush constitute the entire outfit. In the first place, the black man as he bends over your shoes, has not the air of going to work haphazard; he seems to be considering you as a subject for his art and good intentions. First comes a careful cleaning, with a brush that would sooner take away the surface of

the leather than leave a bit of mud behind; then a scientific application of blacking, and a swift rubbing off with softer brushes; and after that the varnishing and polishing with strips of flannel of gradually diminishing harshness. The whole costs ten cents, fifty centimes. Your black brother dismisses you with a broad smile, and you go away with two glittering mirrors on your feet. A good polish lasts a week—if it doesn't rain.

In Pullman cars, as the train nears your station, the negro porter takes possession of your hat, your overcoat, and even your umbrella, and brushes them with a whisk-broom under whose strokes not a particle of dust is suffered to remain; then he approaches you, asks you to rise, and with good-natured vehemence brushes your clothing from collar to shoes. At night, while you are asleep in your berth, the porter is on guard, and he wakens you in the morning by lightly tapping you on the shoulder.

If the traveller does not address the porter, the porter remains mute, but if you open conversation, he responds heartily, and after having fully replied to your questions, he puts some to you in return—an exchange of civilities.

I studied the negro faces carefully, and along with certain thick-lipped types, characterised for the most part by animality, which easily find a place beside our brutal white types, I encountered many open faces, bearing all the marks of intelligence and true spirituality. But most frequently of all, I encountered an expression that I have never observed in the same degree on the face of any white man,—an expression of fidelity, of devotion, to which their colour gives a special cachet, and which made an extraordinary impression upon my mind.

* * * * *

One morning, in New York, while I was having a friendly chat with Maurice, a negro of magnificent proportions, who came regularly in the early morning to greet me with a smile and ask if I had need of anything, I learned, not without surprise, that we were colleagues. Maurice was a preacher, the head of a congregation, founder of a theological school, and, meanwhile, valet de chambre; his congregation being too poor to assure his material life, he gained his subsistence as a servant.

The combination of the two functions was sure to have its disadvantages—the right to speak au-

thoritatively united to the position of a subordinate; the leisure necessary to study, occupied with household affairs; thought itself, following its course within, interrupted at every moment by an order or a telephone call! But these disadvantages, which certainly are not slight, give one a glimpse of advantages whose weight might make the scales turn in their favour. After all, the preacher should seek the matter for his teaching in life even more than in books; it is less to his disadvantage to lack erudition than to lack experience. Now experience is never to be had gratuitously; it costs dear, whenever it is really worth anything, and the most of us are not at all disposed to pay its price. Our only "trying" experiences, therefore, are those which, so to put it, are thrust upon us. The obstacles and hardships of existence and its inevitable sufferings, in costing us pain, increase our faculty for aiding others to live. But there are experiences of a somewhat special nature, which are almost never undergone save by proxy. Most of our preachers come from the middle classes; we should find it contrary to their dignity were it otherwise; if they come from the people, if their fathers were peasants, labourers or servants, they are likely to rise to the

middle-class ranks. Now in all epochs, particularly our own, one of the great questions which we have to carry into the pulpit, is the social question, and whether we regard it from above, the side of employers, or from below, the side of workingmen and servants, we see it on one side only, and so see it badly. To comprehend it well, it is necessary to put ourselves at once in the place of those on both sides. But to put yourself in the place of another is one of those feats that a man may indeed attempt, or imagine himself to have successfully accomplished, but which belongs in truth to the domain of the impossible. The best intention encounters insurmountable obstacles in the undertaking. If another's place does not become in reality your own, you cannot feel what he feels. I am dealing here with the case of an upright man, seeking only what is just and right, as he should be who attempts to preach to others; moreover, a man who loves his fellow-men as men, and not by virtue of their particular class. This man is a domestic all day long, is bound to obey, and does it. Endowed with understanding, he observes the life of the home, and judges it at once with friendliness and penetration, but his rôle imposes above all else respect and silence. At night he

is free, he is even a master himself, and clothed with a great authority. He speaks in the name of God and of humanity, in the name of the wisdom compacted of tradition and the living experience of to-day. The right to be heard and the boundless field of thought are his; if this man has a soul, he is better armed than any other man to say practical words good to be pondered upon and assimilated. He deals with realities; he makes it felt that he knows both the face and the reverse of questions, because he has lived and does live both sides of them daily. And we cannot determine in which form of his activity he is most interesting, whether as preacher valet de chambre, or valet de chambre preacher. Surely each of these men has great need of the other. I am convinced that the world would advance more rapidly if great questions were not generally debated as though across a chasm, between men who are informed on only one side of them. Social life would have everything to gain by the creation of human ties in which lie cordial and deep understanding, and a just judgment of the situation and of the rights and the duties of the two parties in question. We are ordinarily divided into two social parties, whose in-

terests seem opposed to each other, and between whom rise intermediaries that oftener than not are ignorant about one of them, if not simply agitators exploiting two antagonistic forces for their own profit. I would we might have men who love and appreciate both sides, and understand that the two should be at bottom one. A contradictory situation like that of the black colleague I had the good fortune to become acquainted with, however painful and pathetic, may therefore be transformed into a source of human progress, upon condition that he who submits to it, is able to rise above his temporary rôles, and under the livery of a domestic servant, as well as in the pulpit, remains first of all things a man.

* * * * *

The opportunity of speaking to negro audiences, which I looked upon as a privilege, was twice accorded me in Philadelphia. They were audiences in which all ages mingled, the galleries being crowded with children. The hymns were sung with marvellous spirit, for all negroes adore music, and many of them attain to a rare musical development. As I sat on the platform, in company with several negro pastors and Mr. Wanamaker, I thought I

must be dreaming. From the little woolly heads, singing away with such abandon, my glance turned toward the grown-up auditors. The hymn swelled richly, full of feeling; the atmosphere was one of kindness and welcome. Rarely have I felt happier in lending my voice to those old truths the Gospel has moulded into the ineffaceable likeness of universal humanity than here; I saw them vested with a new grandeur, when they served instantly as a perfect bond with men of a race hitherto strange to me; and in the first moment, that happy spark which sets in motion the currents of the higher life at the contact of souls, came spontaneously into being. My discourse finished, I sat down, and all eyes turned toward Mr. Wanamaker. "Now that you are among us," the pastor of the church said to him, "permit us to lay before you certain desiderata." And he spoke of the services which, in the capacity of a merchant employing large numbers of people, Mr. Wanamaker might render his parishioners. During a part of this discourse, the painful sentiments that fill the hearts of negroes in face of some of the stubborn antagonism and race prejudice they have to meet, made themselves felt.

Mr. Wanamaker accepted with visible satisfac-

tion this excellent opportunity for expressing his sympathy with our black brothers. "When you have to do with me, or with any of the very numerous men in this country who think and feel toward you as I do, say to yourselves this: 'There is no question here of race, of face, or of place, but purely a question of grace, that is to say of aptitude and capacity.' You will always be welcome to a position, but to have it is not all; you must fill it. If, upon trial, we see that you have asked for a place in which you cannot successfully hold your own, we are obliged to discharge you, just as we should do in the case of a white man. Were this to happen, some of you would say that the colour of your face had lost you the position, but you would be wrong. You had too great ambition; having mounted too high, it would be necessary to step down. Believe me, we are your friends, and if an injustice should be done one of you, we should not stand behind any one answerable to us or within the limits of our influence, who had dared be wanting in respect or fairness toward one of your number."

Such words are the expression of the most profound feeling. At a distance, upon the faith of

newspaper articles relating facts particularly odious, wherein race prejudice is displayed in its utter ugliness, we come to believe that throughout the whole extent of the United States, blacks and whites are completely separated, not mingling nor even meeting in public places like theatres, churches, railway cars, and particularly hotels. Great numbers of Americans not only do not despise or hate the negro, but devote themselves to his cause, and show their sympathy with him by all possible means. These men are not blind to the difficulties of what is called the negro question; but they have a principle at once very just and very judicious: The more difficult a question is, the more goodwill we must concentrate upon its solution. I esteem myself happy to have encountered a large number of these men, among whom I would mention in particular Mr. Robert C. Ogden, of New York. Greatly absorbed by colossal business affairs, he is none the less constantly occupied with social undertakings. He is one of a numerous group of Americans who do their country very great honour. For them business is a social function, and if it brings them wealth, wealth in their hands is a lever for good. Mr. Ogden concerns himself much with

the negroes, especially with the school at Hampton, an institution founded and formerly directed by General Armstrong, who was the spiritual father of Booker T. Washington. During long talks at his Broadway office, Mr. Ogden gave me information about educational work among the negroes, putting into my hands a mass of documents that treat of the question. Not only do you feel that in his capacity as president of the Hampton Association, he interests himself personally in its immediate affairs, but it is plain that this interest touches his very heart. When he speaks of the negroes, his eyes moisten; yet he is a man of strength, above the ordinary in stature, and possesses great self-command. It was through him that I came into personal contact with Booker T. Washington, one of the men I was most anxious to meet, whose hand I felt myself honoured to touch, and whose school at Tuskegee I promised myself surely to visit later on. For this time I had to be content with giving a lecture for the benefit of Hampton Institute.

The lecture was arranged by Mr. Ogden, and took place in the great building due, like so many others, to the generosity—known the world round—of Mr. Andrew Carnegie, and called in con-

sequence "Carnegie Hall." Eleven Hampton students, of between twenty and twenty-five years, had been sent from Virginia to sing before and after the lecture. As we were presented to one another, in the ante-room where we had some minutes to wait, I remarked that if they would like to give me a great pleasure, they might sing me something immediately. At once they ranged themselves and began to sing a double quartet. The floor seemed to vibrate, and the magnificent tone of their voices to penetrate my very bones and course through their marrow; never before had I heard such ample bass come out of human throats; here was an organ alive. A little later they were heard in the great auditorium, where among other things they sang the old plantation songs of slavery days. Through the melancholy music of these songs, the human plaint is made in accents so full of sorrow, that the music is almost forgotten in the thought of those conditions of which it is an echo.

I am not equipped to enter upon a discussion of the negro problem; it is a mountain that weighs upon the conscience of the United States; but what gives me reassurance is the fact that no problem, whatever it may be, arising within the limits of a

nation's destinies, is beyond the powers of that nation to solve, if only she meet it with good sense and clear judgment, on the one hand, and on the other with justice, goodwill, and real brotherly kindness. Of these practical attributes and these qualities of the heart, America holds in reserve an inexhaustible supply, and no obstacle, no practical difficulty and no fatality of race can prevail against them.

Meanwhile I deem myself happy to know the man whose name stands to-day for the hopes as well as the burdens of our black brothers, the man to whom from all quarters of America and of the world the sympathies we have for them go out—Booker T. Washington. I am going to tell the story of an occurrence that ought to be recorded among his memoirs.

On the evening of October 7, 1904, we had assembled for a banquet, the last act of the Peace Congress at Boston, where six hundred guests from all the states of the Republic and all the countries of the world, found themselves at table together. Those of us who were to speak during the evening, were seated at a special table, where the orators could readily be seen. Booker Washington sat three

seats from me. When he rose to speak, the whole assembly, as if moved by the same spontaneous feeling, rose too, offering him a unique tribute, a tribute which, by reason of the character of the assembly, became a manifestation from the whole civilised and pacific Earth.

Booker Washington is a man of medium height, thick-set, with a face expressive of energy. When he rises to speak, you feel that he bears upon his shoulders the burden of a race. His words are penetrating, full of warmth, and go straight to the mark. He is eloquent with that superior eloquence which is inspired by courage, sincerity, and absolute devotion to a cause. Speaking figures, restrained gestures, persuasive moderation—these are characteristics of his style. You feel that the man is a voice at the service of a principle.

After certain periods into which he has put all his energy, when he closes his mouth, which is firm and strong, you feel how positive, how unassailable, is everything that he has said: the aspect of his ample chin, together with the flash of his eyes, recalls Luther's splendid saying: "Here I stand; I can do no otherwise. God help me. Amen!"

XXIII

INDUSTRY AND WEALTH

IN America work attains to an extraordinary intensity. People have done a great deal of it almost everywhere during the last century, and more than ever before in the world's history; the construction of modern railways alone has upturned so much ground, produced so much iron and rolling-stock, demanded the extraction from the earth of so much coal, that the toil of the ten preceding centuries would not have sufficed for the work accomplished. In this effort of civilisation, America holds the record, and it must be added that nowhere is industry more honoured than in that land. Through his own efforts a man may attain to anything, and it is the men who are the sons of their own achievements that occupy the first place in the general esteem.

Work has produced great riches in the country, and is doing it every day, especially in the new sections that are being rapidly transformed into populous and industrious districts; and it is true

that wealth is highly esteemed, and money is the object of general respect. Let us even say that the desire of acquiring it animates the greater part of the people, and that the pride of riches and the splendour of the possessors of fat purses, put the unsuccessful into contempt. That is one of the dark sides of America, an anti-democratic side, and not without its danger for the future. But it is a drawback that is common to America with other countries, and that, moreover, she redeems by qualities which some nations are far from possessing. In general, what faults and defects the country has, none knows them better than herself, and it is with rare scrupulosity and perseverance that she sets herself to overcome them; so that the excesses to which the money power may lead have very weighty counter-balancing influences.

To begin with, following an excellent custom that numbers of people who attain great fortunes adopt, generosity strives to pay the debt of wealth, and once considered by its possessors as an instrument for good, money may be used in so many fashions, that every just man is obliged to respect it. There are numerous examples of men who administer their riches as a sacred trust, an accumu-

lation from the general labour, and deposited in their hands that it may serve the general interest. To them possession is a social charge which involves their responsibility to the highest degree, and to the mind of those who know her in the person of some of her richest citizens, America is in no way described when she is called the country of King Dollar. If she has her money-madmen to whom the end justifies the means, her selfish hoarders, her corruptionists who try to rule by buying men's consciences with gold, she has also raised to the height of a principle, an institution, the duty of using one's wealth well. Many of her citizens brought into great prominence by reason of their financial standing, live personally without ostentation, and would not feel justified in making lavish expenditure for themselves or their children; in a word, they know that they are responsible, to God and to man, for the use of their wealth, and this knowledge guards them from the fatal temptation which comes to those without this controlling force from the fact that they may, if they will, satisfy all their desires.

But what to my mind further counterbalances, in this generation, the demoralising and fatal influence

of too great fortunes accumulated in the hands of individuals, is the fact that in America everybody works, the richest men often harder than the others, some of them reducing themselves to veritable slavery, as a matter of conscience, so that I would by no means change places with them. But it is for this very reason that they deserve to be respected and admired. There is a very noble form of self-abnegation in this fashion of being a slave to the duties of the rich.

The simple truth is, that idleness has never acquired the rights of citizenship in America, and assuredly not its privileges. In older societies, a certain aristocracy, too often a degenerate one, long generations ago lost the habit of working, and public opinion is so greatly influenced by the existence of this highly placed and brilliant collection of idlers, that it has come to accept as a sign of nobility a man's not being obliged to work in order to live. The farther away a fortune is from its source, labour, and the longer passing generations have been accustomed to finding it in the cradle, the more quarterings of nobility does it seem to possess. Thus it comes about that classes which are really parasitic, consider themselves the flower of society. Un-

der protection of this superstition, the idlers have the best of things; and whoever is able to assure himself a life of ease, feeling that he belongs, in some degree, to the race of the privileged, develops a state of mind that tends to look upon work as a servitude and a lowering of his dignity.

On the other side of the ocean this swarm of drones, however iridescent their wings, are not appreciated. Of this they are aware, and so they keep out of sight. The habit of living a busy life is so general, that the man who does nothing must expatriate himself. The cities of their own land do not offer enough resources to those who cannot content themselves with the simple distractions in which a man resting from toil is always ready to take delight, but must be amused by novel and curious methods. They are condemned to ennui, and in the end ennui drives them forth from their native soil, to go join themselves, in some cosmopolitan centre of the old world, to the crowd of those whom idleness has there drawn together.

America works, honours work, and knows how to organise it. As a general thing everybody knows his trade, and seeks to contribute to it some ingenious device of his own contriving. Minds are less the

slaves of routine. A certain point of honour does not permit a man who has engaged himself to do a piece of work, to leave it before it is finished. From top to bottom of the social ladder, men feel the dignity of their calling, and expect to do well whatever they do.

Difficulties and unexpected demands, instead of dismaying them, stimulate manufacturers, merchants, and even workingmen, and rather than acknowledge that they have not the requirements for carrying out an order, they will resort to *tours de force* and expedients that betray positive genius. Here is a typical and classic example of this disposition to bold undertakings and labours that must be accomplished outside of ordinary conditions. After the destruction of Chicago by the great fire that left only a trifling portion of the city standing, as soon as the immediate demoralisation had passed, there was an extraordinary display of energy. Drafts were made upon all the reserve funds and all the sources of activity, in order to rebuild the city as quickly and as substantially as possible. One day a citizen presented himself at the office of a building contractor.

"I need a house of such and such a character."

"Very well, when do you want it?"

The date was named.

"We have fifteen buildings already promised for that day, but all of them are to be finished in the morning; we will put yours down for the afternoon. You may count upon having it."

America has her industrial schools, but the best of them all is herself, with her traditions and her practical ardour for industry. We attain to nothing high in any field without beginning at the rudiments, and in order to direct the work of others, we ourselves ought first to have done the thing they are to do. The life story of multitudes of men who have arrived at the direction of great business enterprises, begins with some simple and modest task which they exerted their ingenuity to do as well as possible. In America to have begun with nothing is the greater honour. The energetic boy who thinks only of doing his work well, has but to look around him in order to see men that are living examples of what he may expect from life if he is not sparing of his pains, and this is a great incentive for every one to do his best. Once the impression gets abroad that a young man is a worker, all doors are open to him; and from the moment he shows himself to be the right man in the right place, there is no hag-

gling over his pay. As a general thing, labour is well remunerated. That a man should give his toil for nothing is not even tolerated, and the Biblical saying, "The labourer is worthy of his hire," is understood as an expression of dignity and not of venality.

I am only a novice where commerce and industry are concerned, but I have the curiosity of a child who, with his hands behind his back, stands in the street watching a scissors-grinder at his work. How many manufactories have I not visited in old Europe; how many trades have I not seen in operation! When I am forced to contemplate the idleness of some men's lives, a great sadness takes possession of me, with such deep distress does the emptiness of all this vanity fill me; but I never tire of watching a workman at his task, on account of a certain lofty dignity, a certain majesty, that surrounds him in my eyes.

American workingmen appeared to me generally to labour under good hygienic conditions; the glimpses I had into printing-houses, manufactories and building establishments, have left me with an impression of cleanliness and dignity. Great numbers of ingenious expedients, relating not only to mechanics, but to office and shipping business and

the handling of raw material, show that alertness and reflection are never wanting. To simplify, to make labour easier, more expeditious, neater; to render a tool more workable, a machine more precise—this tendency is to be observed on every hand; and as you make the countless reflections suggested by such intelligent activity, you are everywhere reminded of the story of Columbus and the egg. Well, well, how simple, and at the same time, how ingenious! You are astonished at not having invented all these expedients yourself. For instance, conductors of trolley cars have at their disposal a piece of mechanism with a bell, of childish simplicity, for recording fares even from the farther end of the car, which saves them time, steps and mistakes. The moment they take a fare, they thus record it on the indicator; in Paris it is necessary to go to the indicator every time a fare is registered.

Tradition is in all matters so important, that in this new country every trace of it becomes precious. In business houses tradition is kept alive in very real fashion by portraits of their founders and the successive directors. The manager's office is a sort of sanctuary, and impresses you with the great

seriousness of business. On its walls are the forefathers of the house—not a long line, naturally, rarely stretching back beyond a hundred years; but all these merchants and manufacturers and inventors have the venerable heads of patriarchs; and the fine faces of these men, faces full of energy and intelligence, and breathing forth honesty and piety, make impressive pages of human history. A sight of their physiognomies helps one to comprehend why the influence of these pioneers is yet felt in whatever business they established. Probity, the love of work, and sentiments of justice and humanity, to their minds made a part of commercial and industrial life. They pursued business, as the knights of old pursued war, with heart and soul, and their houses were established with a capital of honour and integrity which is certainly the most precious heritage they bequeathed to their successors. Long musing before these portraits of the older generations, instinctively raises the question as to the appearance the portraits of the present generation will make beside them. With all our heart we hope that the sons may resemble the fathers, and preserve in the new forms of the life of the present, the spirit which animated the business life of the past.

XXIV

RELAXATION

IN certain moments of intense labour, when all the cords of activity are stretched to the utmost, there mingles with the impression of energy and power arising from cyclopean cities, a sort of anguish, something like the feeling that takes possession of us when we are being borne along involuntarily by a train at top speed. The idea of accidents and possible catastrophes presents itself to the mind. We ask ourselves what things are coming to; if such a pressure can be kept up, and for how long a time, and what will become of society in the crucible of such a furnace. Beyond a certain degree, activity becomes abnormal and the human organism goes wild.

Good engines are provided with alarm signals or safety-valves, which give warning of approaching danger or announce a too high pressure. Such signals also exist in the social mechanism, and for those who have eyes to see and ears to hear, they

perform their functions with insistence. Clear-sighted citizens are always ready to detect them, and to raise the cry of alarm. Loss of mental balance, neurasthenia, and incapacity for work, as the result of rush and overexcitement; the rage for speed, that takes possession of men as their pace accelerates; the unrest that comes from perpetual agitation; the absorption in ardent and incessant competition; the dizziness of lofty position too rapidly acquired—all these things disturb both mental and physical sanity, and result in a series of disasters or irregularities. You feel that without the presence of a formidable mass of ballast, the ship would find its progress put in jeopardy by the shocks of a headlong and hazardous navigation. Happily this ballast exists.

It consists first in an enormous fund of common sense, always adequate for adjusting things; and next, in great sincerity in recognising the gaps in the social structure, and in filling them up.

These powers of the first order are strengthened by a certain calm, whose salutary rule may be seen in force even in the midst of the most violent upheavals. You are filled with admiration when you contemplate the tranquillity of soul that hosts of

men preserve in the thick of affairs most disconcerting from their number and variety.

To these fundamental qualities is to be added good hygienics. The care Americans take of their physical health strengthens them marvellously for the struggle, and is a safeguard to their mental energy. There is no comparison to be made between them and us in the matter. Not only have they their outdoor games, sports universally entered into by all ages and both sexes, but they have also that fountain of youth, domestic hydropathy, and here what to us is the luxury of the rich is to them the daily portion of everybody. America bathes freely, both from national inclination and from habit that has become second nature; America eats well in the morning and not too heartily at night; she makes war on alcohol, on late hours and close air. I do not mean that these three plagues, which are fostered especially in monster cities, are not known as well as among us; but they are held in check by a persistent struggle and the decided opposition of the healthy elements of the nation, united like a rampart in the face of these enemies of the human race.

Added to all this, is the fact that America has

an organised system of rest, and retreats for rest that are inviolable. First there is the everyday rest, when shops and offices are closed, and the home life with its comforts is in the ascendency. Then men brush off their business cares like dust; there is no question of these cares in the home; there another world opens that is made for beguiling them. For hosts of Americans who keep early hours, the evening at home, with its tranquillity and affection, repairs all the ravages of the day.

And then, they have their Sabbath, that Sabbath which we begin to perceive is one of the most valuable of humanitarian institutions, and which should be reinstated wherever public carelessness or stupidity has let it lapse into desuetude. The Sabbath is the day of freedom, of pious recollection, the day of the ideal, of calm reflection, the day when man remembers that he is not a beast of burden, nor his destiny a treadmill round.

On that day quantities of Americans are united in the moral and religious education of youth in Sunday-schools. The churches present an animated life that displays itself in hymns and prayers, as well as in all the forms of fraternal sociability. Men covered with the dust of the week are re-

freshed and reinvigorated at the pure springs of holy thought and of a hope which aids them to bear their toils and fatigues. With the elements of wisdom, patience, and reflection that she is able to draw out of her Sabbath, that Sabbath which she respects, and which has been vitalised for her and rendered richer and more truly a source of strength by the fresh contribution the piety each passing generation has brought to it, the America of the inner life, the America that puts peace of soul and contentment of mind above everything else, will triumph over her lower self, that is consumed by the burning fever of competition and by a thirst for riches which every new acquisition only renders the more insatiable.

XXV

THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS

WHAT we call in France *l'école primaire* is called in America a public or grammar school, and one of the first differences to be noted between the two is that in America this school is in the hands of women. Men teachers may be found there, it is true, but rarely, and usually in the position of principal, when a school is large enough to have a number of grades. It will be asked what results women obtain as regards discipline and respect in the upper classes, where boys as old as fourteen or fifteen years are to be found, and experience gives a very satisfactory answer. Under feminine direction these boys on the border of adolescence not only maintain an attitude of respect, but they show themselves in general more tractable and docile in the hands of a woman who knows her business well, than under the direction of a man.

The public schools are co-educational, boys and

girls belonging to the same classes. They are attended in great numbers, by pupils of all social grades. There are numerous private schools, many of which prepare the younger children for the public schools. I visited one of them, in Minneapolis, that has left a characteristic impression. In the entrance hall we were attracted by a panoply of musical instruments suspended on the wall. We had arrived just before the opening of school, and the children were playing on the lawn that surrounded the building. At the stroke of a bell, a score of them came running, took down the instruments —principally violins—and began to play a lively march. At this signal the other children trooped in, and distributed themselves among the various class rooms of the different floors. As soon as all had reached their places, the young musicians hung up their instruments and went to their own classes.

The session is generally opened by the reading of some passage, often chosen from sacred writers, that is intended to concentrate and elevate the mind. Sometimes the schools have a general assembly room where all the pupils pass the first few moments of the day together. They sing and listen to a brief reading, sometimes followed by a prayer.

If there are announcements to be made to the children, this opportunity for it is taken.

In the upper classes of these schools, civic matters are the object of special lessons, in which an important part is left to the children themselves. They are asked to tell what they have seen or read that is of interest from the point of view of the general good of the city in which they live, or of the country at large. Discussion is allowed, and the session is usually animated. From time to time the children even propose sending a testimonial of respect to some citizen who has rendered a public service. By the lively fashion in which they enter into these discussions of public affairs, it is plainly seen that they begin early to give attention to politics, in the broad and noble sense of the term. The Republic and its fortunes; the progress of civilisation, material and moral; anything, indeed, that concerns the public spirit or public interests, attracts their attention.

One quickly perceives that the national life is homogeneous, in spite of the extent of territory and diversity of inhabitants. The foundation of the country's institutions is not in question; the democratic ideal is the ideal accepted by everybody.

With us accord has not yet been reached upon this fundamental question; there is division among minds in spite of the homogeneity of the population. Under such conditions, questions which touch the public weal stir up animosities and contradictions, and for the sake of peace we must be silent in our schools on facts of great educational import, otherwise the teachers would seem to their pupils to take the part of one or another of our political factions. They are obliged to content themselves with teaching France in the abstract. Painful experience brings us daily in contact with the fact that there is more than one France; but by force of persistent goodwill and a broader comprehension of our true interests, we must in the end meet on common ground, and when that day comes, teachers may speak before their pupils of the country's men and affairs, without being accused of serving political ends. It will be a fine day to see! We shall then enjoy the enviable privilege that America already has.

The public school is nowhere more interesting than in the newer states, and in growing cities. In one of the large public schools of Minneapolis, attended by hundreds of children, the principal

was so kind as to assemble them for us in a long corridor. They stood in thick ranks, the big ones against the wall, the little ones in front, after the fashion of pipes in an organ. I had before me offshoots of many nations, whose origin might well be recognised by the colour of their hair:—tow-headed Scandinavians, reminding one of the flax their mothers spin with the distaff in the long northern nights; Irish with locks of auburn or carrot or fiery red; dusky Italians, blond Germans. And the whole gamut of eyes, those beautiful children's eyes, that nothing on earth equals in charm and vivacity. I made a mental picture of the families from which these children came and of the ships that had brought them here, emigrants from all the corners of the earth!

At a signal from the teacher, the children sang the American national anthem. I heard it sung often, but at no other time did it produce such an effect upon me. Were not these the offspring of many peoples? And yet, one same ardent and patriotic conviction vibrated in all their voices, and animated all their faces. All these dear little children were celebrating America with one heart. In their song, transformed for me into a symbol, I

found an expression of great facts that highly honour the hospitable land of which they are a product. I saw a vision of the great-hearted country whither those hasten who are driven from their native soil by lack of bread. Coming from regions darkened by deprivation and misery, they find here a place in the field of labour and in the sunshine of human dignity. Their children have decent clothing, a home to live in, and good food; these blooming faces alone show that. The adopted country has been kind, and they are grateful. To the right of asylum has been added the right of citizenship, conferring the legitimate pride of being citizens of the first Republic of the world.

America is a good mother, who not only is passionately loved by her own children, but also makes herself adored by her children by adoption. From the second generation all these newcomers and their descendants are Americans, are a new race.

When we ask ourselves by what means America solves the great question of receiving and assimilating the ceaseless tide of emigration which is for her at once a resource and a grave problem, we are impressed with the importance of the public school. It is the great organ of assimilation and digestion—

the stomach of America. Here the children of every race come in contact with one another, and here America treats them in that tolerant and hospitable spirit, at once liberal and restrictive, rigorous and kindly, which is, as it were, the temperament of her powerful and pacific democracy. And once imbued with this spirit, they are hers; for it is a spirit that elevates, gives dignity, inspires a just pride in the whole of which the newcomer has become a part, and such love for it that when he sings the national anthem, in which so much simple and pious love of the country and its history is mingled so naturally with an authentic and tolerant religious faith, he is giving expression to his own soul. He has become one with the starry flag; he is descended from the Pilgrim Fathers; Washington is his ancestor, the race of Lincoln is his. All this is expressed in four words that are often heard spoken with particular conviction: I am an American.

One day in New York, I asked little Royal Anderson, nephew of my charming hostess, Miss Louise Sullivan, "Are you a kind boy?" He replied: "I am an American." It was worth while seeing his chest swell as he said it.

XXVI

HIGH SCHOOLS

IN every centre of sufficient importance there is a High School, which is also generally co-educational; it is the intermediate step between the public school and the college, and prepares the majority of the American youth for their careers. These schools are generally in the heart of the population, within easy reach of all, for like the public schools they admit no boarding pupils. Science, mathematics, languages, literature and the arts are taught in them, music holding an important place, as in all the schools of the Republic. The high school buildings are spacious and well lighted. Along their wide corridors are excellent photogravures representing the monuments of antiquity, the chief masterpieces of European architecture, and celebrated paintings of the great masters, as well as plaster casts of the world's most remarkable works of sculpture. Among these reproductions, designed to form the artistic taste, portraits of great

American citizens intended to personify the aspirations of the country and its ideals, and to perpetuate the great facts of its history, are always to be found. Among these and other figures that all humanity reveres, it is not rare to come upon the bust of Napoleon. I had already encountered it in business offices, in drawing-rooms, on the pediments of libraries; and here in the offices and corridors and class rooms of schools, I found it again. Unquestionably Napoleon is popular in America, and it is chiefly in his character of self-made man. His prodigious activity; his unswerving course over obstacles; his almost superhuman destiny, that led him from an obscure origin to be the arbiter of the world—all these things give him an extraordinary eminence in the eyes of those who have not, like us, to wipe out the ill-starred past which is our legacy from his autocracy. When one recalls what rôle Napoleon and his laws have played in our system of education, and the traces his tyrant's hand has left upon our secondary schools for boys, it is with surprise that one looks upon his face in the free schools of a country with whose ideals the Napoleonic ferule presents so terrible a contrast.

Along with her high schools, America possesses

a quantity of institutions comparable in curriculum to our lycées and colleges, but falling far short of them in organisation and *esprit de corps*. These schools are very often in the country, beside a lake, on a hillside, or even in the heart of a wood. They receive boarding pupils, who fortunately escape the rigid monotony of the life in our schools, and most of its disadvantages. The dormitory has almost universally disappeared, as also the too vast and gloomy dining-hall, and the school is distributed in a number of buildings of ordinary dimensions, rather than confined to one huge barrack, permitting sleeping- and dining-rooms to have a homelike aspect. As to recreation, that is taken at large. No dingy galleries for exercise, no high walls, no horrible yard (happily that is disappearing among us also!) paved with gravel and filled with dust, where a few sickly trees stand as symbols of the régime of the establishment. One doesn't get the impression of being among a lot of convicts. Iron gratings, barred windows, gloomy parlours where visitors come to talk in hushed tones with the prisoners; pedantic regulations, sinister drum-calls—the whole system which we owe to the great man whose hat and cloak are so popular in America—all this is wanting in the

scholastic customs of the United States. A child can slip out of school without accompaniment of trumpet and drum. The sports take place in the open; the key to the fields is in every pupil's pocket. The whole thing is absolutely without constraint, though not without discipline and superintendence. The character and conduct of the children are the object of a surveillance quiet, but constant and effective; they are not persecuted, but they are never lost sight of. Their personal habits, their industry, and their truthfulness in word and deed, occupy the attention of their teachers as much as does instruction itself. Above all, constant efforts are made to lead them to govern themselves and watch themselves. It is considered, and most justly, that good behaviour which arises solely from the constant presence of the master, rests on a very poor foundation, and only awaits the occasion to become bad behaviour. That each pupil should be a somebody, be conscious of his dignity, take upon himself the responsibility for his acts, and preside over the republic within him—this is the aim toward which education is directed. It is education for freedom, conducted through a personal discipline, the education of "self-control."

As soon as the self-control begins to be exercised, the discipline becomes easy. Each one preserves it in the matters which concern him, and the lamentable coercive measures that enfeeble the will are looked upon as directly contrary to the purposes of education. Most of these schools have infirmaries, generally in some attractive corner apart, and one or more nurses care for the young patients, who by no means seem unhappy there.

The appearance of American schoolboys and schoolgirls is happy in general, as one may readily observe when they are assembled in the larger rooms for the opening of the school. It is a pleasure to look from one to another of these faces that radiate health and good-humour.

Matters of hygiene are carefully considered, and too long periods are never allowed to pass without some relaxation. When this is in the form of exercise in the open air, the children frequently take a shower-bath afterward, to prevent drowsiness in class, and to guard against colds. In the midst of the recitation periods there is often a break of five or ten minutes during which the children take a little exhilarating exercise where they are. A piano in the corridor gives the signal, and the pupils in

the different class rooms, under direction of their teachers, execute a series of well-chosen movements. This sets their blood circulating afresh, quiets their restlessness, and stimulates them to work.

XXVII

UNIVERSITIES

AMONG the American universities situated in large cities, I saw in particular those at New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Chicago, Minneapolis, and Toronto, but by a happy combination of circumstances, an important part of American university life long ago sought refuge in the silence and pure air of the country. Among establishments of the latter sort that I visited, sometimes tarrying a little, should be named Harvard, Oberlin, Mount Holyoke College, and Vassar.

Harvard is everywhere known as a great university for men. Situated at the gates of Boston, a city of traditions, full of scholastic memories and disposed to letters, science and art, Harvard has been richly endowed by friends old and new, and is the alma mater of a long line of illustrious Americans, including President Roosevelt. Harvard and its rival in sports and learning, Yale, are centres from which light radiates afar. Oberlin is less well known in France, and yet, this university of the State of

Ohio bears the name of an illustrious Frenchman, Oberlin, the great pastor living at Ban-de-la-Roche at the end of the eighteenth and beginning of the nineteenth century. This Alsatian pastor was the pioneer in an original and active kind of piety; to give a body to the Gospel doctrine, he used not only language but also the pickaxe and all the implements of the roads and fields, translating the Bible into practical deeds, civilisation, and social institutions. He has so impressed the mind of a nation of people who have broken ground, and built, and civilised as no others ever did, that they have made him one of their models, and perpetuated his name in one of their universities.

Oberlin is situated far from cities, in a grassy and slightly rolling region, near a small village of the same name. As at all the universities similarly placed, the houses of the members of the faculty line broad avenues, while a series of spacious buildings, spreading over an extensive campus turfed and planted with trees, contain the laboratories, the lecture and study rooms, the library, the art museum and the conservatory of music. Excepting certain departments of medicine, which demand the proximity of large cities and their hospitals, all

the branches of human knowledge are taught here. The University is co-educational, and the number of men and women students is about equal. In the centre of the numerous ivy-covered buildings which make up the university group, stands a church, and here all these young people assemble every morning together with their instructors, to begin the day with religious exercises. The conservatory of music, whose courses are very popular, and which gives artistic advantages of a very high order, contains an auditorium where one of the largest organs in the United States is at present being set up. The students are formed into choral and other musical societies; they are grouped besides into all sorts of societies whose purpose is mental or moral culture. Practically the whole student body is attached to the various athletic and gymnastic clubs. And so the University is a sort of humming hive in the midst of a happy, cheerful solitude; it is a little world that in its studious isolation and the harvests of its toil, recalls the sacred groves of the muses. The pursuit of knowledge here is surrounded by an atmosphere of peace, and through the perpetual contact of a great number of hard-working students, study attains a considerable degree of in-

tensity, yet without detriment to the physical life. You are conscious of contentment in the air, and the dominance of a healthy spirit. All these young people bear in their faces signs of a normal and well-balanced existence; in fine, they pass here some of the happiest of their years. I was able to convince myself of this, as a general fact regarding American colleges, not only by the daily round as I observed it in the different ones I visited, and by the tone dominant in them, but also by the memories of college days left in the hearts of those who have once shared in them. Everywhere I met men and women who spoke with emotion and gratitude of the years spent in college.

Oberlin draws its students from the middle classes more than Harvard or Yale, her young people frequently having their own way to make, and only themselves to count upon. Here at the University they live in dormitories near the lecture halls. The men's dormitories have no kitchen and dining-room attached, but the women's dormitories have both, and here, in groups of from twelve to twenty at a table, with animated conversation and much gaiety, all the students, men and women, take their meals together. I always enjoyed very specially

the sight of these groups at table, to which the presence of the two sexes gave a note of originality, and whose effect upon their mutual education is so salutary.

Young as they are in comparison with our old European universities, the American universities and colleges have their histories, which are reverently preserved; it would seem that America is so much the more careful of her souvenirs because of the lesser extent of time she has had from which to gather them. The names and remembrance of the donors of libraries, museums, laboratories, or observatories are everywhere preserved, and there is always some tablet or monument to honour the names of a university's sons who have distinguished themselves in the world, the choicest places being reserved for those who have performed some act of self-sacrifice.

The chief military school of the United States, at West Point on the Hudson, commemorates especially the names and deeds of heroes in war. West Point is an eyrie perched on rock that falls perpendicularly to the river. When you reach the top you discover a plateau of great extent, on which are immense barracks, study and lecture halls, and a

parade ground where at the moment of our arrival the whole population of the school was marching with music and spread banners. The cadets carry themselves superbly. They spend at least half their time in physical exercise. One of their sports, very popular and demanding excellent horsemanship, consists in striking balls from horseback. Armed with long-handled mallets, the players dash over the grassy field, and the skill of their evolutions is sometimes astounding.

Among the immense buildings of the Military School is one designed for war relics, Memorial Hall. Not one of America's sons falls on the field of battle, that his name is not graven there, amid the busts or portraits of fallen generals and paintings of the scenes of war. In this building are vast apartments where anniversaries are celebrated, at which guests, in some way connected with the army, are received in numbers. Those are great dates of patriotic sentiment, a sentiment which, however much more notably displayed in the memorials of West Point, is no less constant and responsive throughout the American schools.

XXVIII

MOUNT HOLYOKE COLLEGE

SUCH is the present name of one of the oldest educational institutions for women in the United States, or in the world. This College of the "Sacred Oak," founded as a seminary in 1836, and chartered as a college in 1888, is situated at the foot of Mount Holyoke, in the beautiful hill country of Massachusetts. It is reached by trolley in a half-hour from the railway station. A pretty village lies near it, otherwise the open, and complete solitude.

The original building, together with two or three others that had grown up around it, was utterly destroyed by fire, in 1896, and for the moment it seemed as though the very life of the institution were wiped out. But it had too vigorous root in the affections of the alumnæ scattered throughout the country to remain buried under its ashes. The walls were raised again, but upon another scale, and twenty different buildings came to replace the two

or three. Now Mount Holyoke College salutes you from afar with the smile of its ivy-covered buildings. Here is the library, there the Memorial Art Building, yonder are the gymnasium and swimming-pool. Beyond lies Mary Lyon Hall, including the beautiful and capacious chapel; then the plant houses, the hospital, the laboratories, lecture halls and dormitories, and the observatory. This last building was shown me by a woman astronomer who spends her whole time there, giving lectures both by day and by night. Some very pretty houses, situated a little apart, are the homes of those professors who prefer some solitude. All the members of the faculty save two or three are women. I visited a class in chemistry and saw a score of students, incased in white aprons from head to foot, experimenting with ferments. The seriousness with which they observed their test tubes and made note of their observations, gave them the air of alchemists seeking the philosopher's stone. In certain American industries women find very agreeable and lucrative positions as chemists.

In the conservatories I found a number of young women occupied in the study or care of the plants, and in the Art Building groups of them were draw-

ing, painting, modelling, or busy with work relative to architecture and house decoration.

Several hundred students came together to listen to my lecture in French, and I had the pleasure of perceiving that they understood the language very well indeed. The head of the French department is a highly cultivated young woman, who has spent several years in Paris, where she followed among other courses those of M. Gaston Paris. At my lecture in English, I had before me the whole student body, a kindly and receptive audience that it is a great pleasure to address, and that sustains and inspires you by its sympathy.

I had been invited to dinner at the house of the dean, where she lives in the midst of a hundred or more students. There were six or seven tables, and the ladies themselves served, which I found altogether charming. Inquiring into this detail, I learned that all the students have a share in the domestic affairs of the college, and an important part of the work is done by them, the corps of servants being thus reduced to a minimum. The class-room work does not suffer on this account, for a little physical labour is a relaxation, and restores disturbed mental equilibrium; and the purse

gains by it, too, the expense for board being lessened by this very practical arrangement. I had also the pleasure of seeing the corridors of the house swept by cultivated and attractive young women, who with broom in hand appeared to me prettier than ever. Already I had been told how some courageous ones among the students as companions and in various lucrative employments, and others even as teachers in the secondary schools, had earned the money necessary for their college course.

I chanced to be at Mount Holyoke the evening of the day on which President Roosevelt was elected, and the college, calm to outward appearance, was in a state of agitation within. During my lecture, while the result of the election was as yet unknown, I made allusion to the exciting event of the day, looking upon the success of Mr. Roosevelt as certain. Instantly there was an outburst of joy in the audience, a thousand handkerchiefs were waved frantically, and a vigorous stamping of feet was heard throughout the hall. The next morning, when the truth was learned, the jollification knew no bounds. For two hours we heard patriotic songs, college songs, and peculiar cries that Amer-

ican students of both sexes use to express their satisfaction. These cries, in which the women are by no means outdone by the men, are given with an energy I should qualify as savage, and I have no doubt in my own mind that they originated with the primitive redskins.

Women do not vote in the United States. To make amends for this deficiency, the young women of Mount Holyoke had decided to hold a private election the day before the public one. They had observed minutely all the usages, following out a campaign in the college newspaper, holding meetings and posting placards. On the appointed day the vote was taken with the strictest formalities, even special policemen—or more exactly, police-women—being appointed, in conformity with the prevailing custom, "*to prevent bribery.*" The result of the election was a formidable majority in favour of President Roosevelt. Some days later, at the White House, I related these amusing details to Mr. Roosevelt, who laughed over them heartily.

Before leaving Mount Holyoke, I was present at the laying of the corner-stone of a new and important building, whose walls, indeed, had already a considerable elevation. By the paths which wind

about the lawns, between beautiful sycamores, I saw advancing toward the chapel, where a part of the ceremony was to be performed, a long and stately procession, the whole college body and their guests, in ermine, caps and gowns. A choir composed of two hundred young women in white surplices, preceded the train. The President of the College and several dignitaries from neighbouring colleges made speeches, and there was some wonderful chorus singing. The remainder of the day was given up to general merry-making.

Merry-making is often in the college programme, and outdoor sports, daily exercise, wholesome food and a normal existence generally, without too much fuss over examinations, make for these studious young people a very happy life.

XXIX

DOCTOR HONORIS CAUSA

AMONG the marks of kind friendship whose remembrance will always remain precious to us, it is impossible to pass over the one which came from Temple College in Philadelphia; but before telling the story of how the doctor's degree was conferred upon us, let me present Dr. Conwell, the distinguished President of the College.

Dr. Conwell is tall, spare, dark and wiry, with an expressive face marked by an aquiline nose and lighted by the sombre fires of kind but penetrating eyes. A part of his life was spent in journeying around the world, and at one time he followed the perilous occupation of war correspondent in the Far East. After accumulating all this experience, he underwent an inner transformation from which his mind emerged animated by ardent religious convictions, and he became a preacher and a teacher, transporting the splendid ardour of the globe-trotter to the field of religious and social activity. Equipped with a great store of practical knowledge,

and with wide learning; endowed with an iron constitution and at the same time with a versatility of mind that renders him broad, tolerant and cordial in his relations, he gives the benefit of all these fine qualities to his work. As a result of years of ceaseless labour on his part, including lecture tours from one end of the United States to the other, Philadelphia owes to him her largest Baptist church, and the creation of a very complete college of the popular order.

The church seats over three thousand people, but Dr. Conwell, abreast of all the possibilities of the day, has had a highly perfected telephonic apparatus set up in it, thus enabling the preacher to have a congregation considerably beyond the church's capacity. The primary object of this arrangement was purely humanitarian and neighbourly — to make it possible for the patients of a hospital in the vicinity to take part in the service. Half a dozen receivers, suspended in front of the pulpit, transmit not only the voice of the preacher but the music of the organ, choir, and congregation, so that the patients in their beds, by the use of headpiece receivers, are able to follow the church service throughout. The apparatus once installed, however,

its use far outran the first intention. By simply giving notice a day in advance, any telephone subscriber may put himself in communication with "The Temple" for the duration of the service. What wonderful possibilities in such an arrangement!

The first time I saw Dr. Conwell he was in the pulpit. It was nearly ten o'clock on a Sunday evening, and he was preaching while awaiting my arrival from a distant quarter of the city, whence I was coming to greet his congregation. His sermon was directed against certain social crimes which offend or defraud God in the person of men. With unsparing clearness he was pointing out one by one the cases where, because of base interests or brutal egoism, we, in the very height of our civilisation, deprive men, women and children of their right to life, liberty, mental enlightenment, and moral growth; and as he enumerated these things, he cried with passionate force that lent his words the majesty of vengeance: "You rob God!"

Several times afterward Dr. Conwell invited me to speak before his great congregation, and in long talks which we had together I learned all about the splendid work accomplished in the church and

in the college standing beside it and bearing its name.

Temple College, with its hundreds of students and a faculty of distinguished professors, both men and women, aims specially to make study accessible to any one whomsoever that has capacity for it. One section of the work is carried on wholly in the evening. Here workingmen, clerks and other people employed during the day, come to follow the lectures, and in the course of years are able to get a degree. The College is a great, beneficent human hive, where intelligent working men and women may receive an initiation into the intellectual life. This is the college that was pleased to offer me a doctor's degree, extending this same courtesy to my travelling companion, and the character and aims of the institution made us so much the more appreciative of the offer, which we cordially accepted.

The twenty-third of November was the time set for the ceremony. On that day, surrounded by the whole corps of professors, we entered the hall, which was overflowing with a sympathetic audience. It was not for us alone that the tribute was intended, but through us for France herself, as was

very plainly to be seen. The whole great hall, with its spacious platforms and galleries, was draped with the mingled colours of France and America; as the first number on the programme, the *Marseillaise* was sung by a quartet, with inspiring vigour, and in all the speeches allusions were made to the sister Republic. One of these speeches was given by the Mayor of Philadelphia, who profited by the occasion to make known the fact that he himself was once a student at Temple College. He had been started on his upward career by this fostering mother of those who must study at night while they earn their living by day.

Every allusion to France turned the ready applause of the enthusiastic crowd into a general demonstration. "Tell your fellow-citizens, and repeat it again and again," the orators who succeeded one another on the platform, in turn, enjoined upon us, "tell your fellow-citizens in what vital friendship we hold their country, and how much we desire that she should be strong, prosperous, and animated by the spirit which makes democracies powerful."

Then they gave us insignia, caps and parchments, in order that we might have symbols of this hour to put away among our treasures.

XXX

A QUAKER REFORMATORY

I HAD just been to visit, near Philadelphia, in an attractive section of country where open fields, farms, and half-dismantled forests succeed one another, a fine co-educational school under the direction of the Friends. "Now," said Mr. Joseph Elkinton, the merchant, and speaker in the Friends' meetings, "come let me show you another institution, one for wayward boys and young men."

We set out, a jolting journey over ill-kept cross-roads, and soon arrived at a sort of city, built on a broad-backed hill, and made up of a score of buildings. This was our destination. I could not believe my eyes. For a house of correction, the place lacks utterly the prescribed physiognomy. To begin with, there are no walls, not even a palisade, not even a detaining wire; the inmates may come and go at will. To a question on the subject, Mr. Elkinton replied with a quizzical smile: "That's to prevent evasions." It seems that nothing keeps people from running away, like giving them the freedom to do

so at any moment. This absence of barriers, gates, bolts and ferocious guards, provided me with much food for reflection, and I ended by finding it perfectly in accord with the principles of these Friends, so humane in all things. In fact, though they are true believers, having the faith that removes mountains, they have not built about their spiritual city those walls called creeds—they would not suffer a barrier that should confine the breathings of the Spirit or the rays of the Sun of Righteousness. And the same reasons for which they lack the ecclesiastical fibre, make them halt at coercive measures, even in the case of youthful delinquents. Ah, how well I understand these things, and how admirable this faith in freedom seems to me!

As we approached the buildings, which are disposed in order on either side a broad avenue, with the superintendent's office at the end, I noticed they were all overgrown with ivy; not the ivy we know in France; that could not endure the rigorous American winters; but an ivy which loses its foliage in autumn. Before falling, the leaves take on beautiful shades ranging from pink to deep purple. You would have said of these buildings that splendid sunset fires were caressing their stone-work and

casements. It was so charming, that the smiling spot seemed rather a privileged dwelling where virtue was to be rewarded, than the abode of severity for the correction of vice. More than one soul imbued with the classic principles of the heavy hand, would have felt derision rising within.

Mr. Elkinton pointed out a building in process of construction, where the carpenters were about to place the girders. "The older boys of the institution," he said, "are building this house under the direction of skilled workmen. It is a part of our system to have our labour done by the people most interested."

We began a round of the buildings, visiting workshops and school rooms. The school is in session only in the morning, except for the younger children, who attend equally in the afternoon, when the shops open for the older boys. We watched the making of shoes, clothing, and furniture, saw a newspaper printed and clothes laundered, the little fellows ironing their blouses with electric irons. One iron in contact with a current may be used indefinitely, and there are no fumes of gas and no smudges. None of these children had the air of constraint I had always observed hitherto in insti-

tutions of the kind. We met some coming in from the fields, marching in rank and file like soldiers, but the expression of their faces was that of boys contented with their lot. Mr. Elkinton told me that the fundamental principle of the place is *the restoration of the sentiment of human dignity, in each and every boy*. The past is never mentioned, but is looked upon as pardoned and forgotten. It is thought better to stimulate the heroic fibre in the boys, than to weaken or discourage them by a too vivid and persistent sense of their faults.

We visited the houses in which they lived. These are well kept and manifestly respected, with none of the traces of degradation that show a man lacking in regard for his home. On the tables spread for dinner, the glasses and dishes were immaculate, and the napkins, if you will believe me, were folded coquettishly. Everything was a reminder that those who sit down at the little tables for six, are looked upon as individuals, not as numbers. While we were going through the gymnasium, with its swimming-tanks, a chime of bells began to sound in the clock tower. "Is it mechanical?" I asked. "No," said Mr. Elkinton, "one of the boys is playing it. He is a skilful musician. We think soothing

or cheerful music may have a good effect upon the children, especially when they are resting and can listen quietly."

After we had completed our tour of inspection, we were given an opportunity of seeing, in the superintendent's office, a number of very remarkable albums containing pictures of all the past generations of the school. Each child has, first, a short biography, in two parts, his record before and during his life there, and above these biographic details are two photographs. One is taken upon his entrance, generally at the moment of his arrival; the faces of this group are pale and sly, or constrained and hypocritical. The other photograph shows the same pupil on the day of his departure, and between the two there are often very striking differences. Against a minority of the boys who seem not to have profited by their experience, stands a great majority whose faces reveal a complete transformation.

I had a long talk with the superintendent and a number of his immediate assistants. They are all Friends, though there is not a single Quaker child among the poor young inmates of the refuge. In every case I was impressed with the faith of these

men in man and in childhood; they are much less concerned with unearthing the native corruption in men, than with discovering in each one of them some trace of the image of God. They love these children, without assuming the patronising attitude toward them of the just who consent to put themselves into contact with the unjust. They are true disciples of the Master who took upon himself the sins of others. They beat their own breasts because children have fallen, victims often of our vicious social conditions; and they love these children because of their misfortune. Out of very natural curiosity, I asked the boys if any of them were French. One little fellow raised his hand.

"Where do you come from?" I asked.

"From Vincennes."

"And I, from Fontenay-sous-Bois," I replied; whereupon we shook hands in token of neighbourliness.

These Quakers are fine people. Their stern disregard of formulas and conventions, and their native and benevolent simplicity won my heart. I recompensed my hosts for the many spiritual benefits procured by their fraternal society and the sight of their vigorous activity, by appropriating, with the

simple formality of pocketing it, an attractive inscription that was fastened to the wall in the superintendent's office. And what was it? A "creed" whose perusal had moved me even to tears. "The school teachers' creed," it is called, and it begins thus: "I believe in boys and girls." Here we have it, that faith in man, without which all our faith crumbles to pessimism and dust. If you distrust man and his works; if you have no faith in the husbandry of this world, but look upon the present economy as an enterprise badly begun, destined to failure, and to be indemnified only in the beyond, you offer an injustice to God, in whom you profess to believe, and whom you think to glorify by repudiating man. For the responsible author of this present world is He; His honour is involved before ours. I shall never restore to those dear Friends the bit of pasteboard I purloined from them, but shall read over and over again the valiant and ringing *school teachers' creed*: "I believe in boys and girls."

XXXI

THE BOWERY MISSION

ONE day I called upon Mr. Klopsch, the devoted editor of the *Christian Herald*, which is the centre of so much active benevolence and so many efforts for the betterment of mankind. "Will you go with me to the Bowery Mission some night?" he asked; "you would encounter there the most pitiable specimens of homeless men the city can show."

An engagement was immediately made for Monday the twenty-eighth of November, and toward eleven o'clock on the night of that day, Mr. Klopsch appeared at the club where I had been passing with friends one of my rare free evenings. The weather was cold, and a thin fog enveloped the town. We drove for nearly an hour to reach the quarter of the East Side where the mission is situated.

The long, narrow room was closely packed with men. On the platform, where an organ stood, were a number of people connected with the mission, among them an old lady whose life is wholly de-

voted to the work. It was now midnight. As I took my place in the centre of the group, I noticed in front of us a railing intended as a rest for the hands, and instantly it produced upon me the impression of being cited before the bar of some invisible tribunal, where Misery was sitting, attended by a very "court of miracles"—a muster of misfortune from all the ends of the earth. I sat awhile in a sort of soul stupor, until fortunately the organ began to play and the people to sing.

Then I could observe this accumulation of the dregs of the nations. There was not a single woman, but every man bore the marks of defeat; not as though routed in some late battle, and still bewildered by dreadful visions of the fight; but vanquished long ago, and too nearly trampled out and annihilated now, to remember. Their faces represented types of every country, at the same time showing each of them to be a man without a country. At the sight, involuntarily one questioned within himself: "Italian, German, Frenchman, of what good to you are your King, your Emperor, your Republic?" They had fallen without the meshes that enclose the prudent among their fellow-countrymen, into the great drag-net of misfortune;

and there they lay, victims of their idleness, their drunkenness, their want of character, or the brutal circumstances against which the little skiff wherein they had embarked their life was shattered. From my place I made them personal visits, observing them carefully, one by one, and among these hundreds of wrecks of men, there was not one bad face. There was diversity under the sordid uniformity of rags; here were bearded men and smooth-faced, bald men and hirsute, and a disproportionate number were one-eyed. By how many different paths had their lives, once fresh and full of hope, come to this downfall, this demolition that was condensing and confusing them in a dark residue at the bottom of the social alembic? They seemed to me so great in their absolute nothingness, that suddenly the whole of respectable middle-class existence was obscured in their shadow, and some invisible hand removed from me all the store upon which a man ordinarily draws when he speaks to his fellows who have a bed to lie on and a table at which to sit, who carry about them that passport called money, and are animated by the breath of that soul of the social life—credit. Out of sympathy, I felt myself reduced to utter helplessness, to a

humanity stripped, wounded, and miserable, until I became their equal. And when I rose to call them "brothers," I saw in the midst of them the spirit of suffering humanity, the Son of man, who had not where to lay his head. Never was I more deeply conscious of strength from the power to speak in his name; and never had the judgment, at once merciful and inexorable, that he pronounced upon our vanities and the hollowness of our comfortable Christianity, seemed more scathing. That night I learned one of those lessons that fill the soul with grief, with anguish.

Had these men any knowledge of the preternatural effect they made upon me? Evidently not; but they listened with goodwill to what I said aloud, as I had listened in silence to their silent speech. Then I stepped down from the platform, and begged them to show by their uplifted hands who among them spoke English, French, or German, the only languages in which I could make myself understood; and I conversed with them individually. Their short biographies, all ending badly, reminded me of a succession of evil tidings, one report after another announcing a new catastrophe. Among the Frenchmen with whom I talked

was a former teacher of Marseilles, not yet fifty years old. By what hazards of ill fortune had he made his way from the class-rooms of the Normal School to this place?

As the hour for closing approached, cups of coffee were passed along the ranks, and there was a generous distribution of bread when the men went out. "Where will they sleep?" I asked myself, as I watched the dark column disperse in the foggy night; and a vision of them pursued me, a lamentable and distressful vision, holding before my mind the grievous problem of human vagabondage.

XXXII

LECTURES AND AUDIENCES

IN spite of our utmost precaution we are continually meeting with the unexpected, and it is sure to play a considerable part in a lecture tour. From twenty-five or thirty addresses, the conservative number at first determined upon in order to avoid overexertion, we had soon engaged for twice as many; and by the middle of October, even that number was exceeded. But as new invitations continued to arrive daily, the first dates soon made no more than an outline, and into the time yet available between them, engagements of minor importance were gradually slipped, for the afternoon hours and even for mornings. At the cost of a struggle, renewed with every incoming mail, the great majority of these requests were finally eliminated; but after all this sifting, the columns in which our itinerary was recorded were black with unavoidable engagements. Sometimes, in the midst of all this pressure, it happened that two lectures got booked for the same hour, and then it was necessary to

resort to a sort of legerdemain, in order to satisfy everybody.

But all labour becomes easy through the satisfaction one gets out of it. If public speaking is one of the most dreadful of ordeals, when a lukewarm audience must be faced, or a hostile one has to be opposed, it is, on the contrary, an unparalleled joy to meet audiences that are sympathetic and responsive; America offered so many of these, and with such regularity, that each opportunity for addressing them was a new delight.

First let us speak of those club meetings which are almost family parties. All the men's clubs have "ladies' nights," when the members may bring their wives and grown-up children with them. These are private occasions, and marked by much sociability. Before the lecture, there is general conversation, and if the speaker of the evening arrives in time, he makes the acquaintance of those who are about to be his listeners. After the lecture, questions are asked, and the evening ends with refreshments. Under such conditions, you gather in a single hour a quantity of information and impressions, and the perfect cordiality on all sides gives these meetings a charm no one could resist.

In a church, a theatre or a public hall, the enlarged and different setting forbids such familiarity as this, yet your auditors may encourage you, and render your task easy. The reception alone, though it be a silent one, that a friendly house gives you, is like a welcome and an invitation to feel yourself at home. How many things the faces of an assembled audience may say to the stranger appearing before them! I never tired of looking out over American audiences during that moment preceding the lecture in which the chairman of the evening introduces the orator, and the listeners, while giving heed to what he says, have their eyes fixed upon the guest who is to follow him. The smiling and paternal countenances of old men, the self-contained and serious faces of middle age, and the alert attitude of the younger people—how many silent and significant intimations they give in that moment! I found an air of goodwill, sincerity, and manly right-mindedness about American audiences, and they have left with me an impression of ranks upon ranks of fine people.

But it was in the schools and universities, before audiences made up almost exclusively of young people, that a veritable revelation awaited me. I

have always loved youth, and it is my hope to love, understand and serve it better year by year. The young people of my own land have given me bountiful affection and grateful and confiding tenderness; but across the sea I made a new experience, under different circumstances, and I was happy to find that by a sort of wireless telegraphy I came instantly into relation with these young and responsive audiences. I shall always see them—at Oberlin, Vassar, Mount Holyoke, Boston, Chicago, Philadelphia, New York, Lafayette, and everywhere else, always equally attentive and earnest.

One thing that struck me in all gatherings of Americans, of whatever age, and in all encounters with individuals, was the fact that true Americans are not given to *blague*—to lying "for the fun of it." This strain, which is indulged a little too freely among us, and in some cases so habitually as to become monotonous, is not found among them. Not that they are averse to laughter — quite the contrary! They are marked by a love of it that is youthful and healthful, and are quick to seize upon every humourous turn of thought and emphasise it by a discreet smile or a hilarious outburst; but while they laugh, they remain sincere.

The twenty-seventh of November, a Sunday I shall always remember as having brought me into contact with more than ten thousand auditors, I saw among other things, this marvellous sight. Under the auspices of the Young Men's Christian Association, whose splendid work has made its way into every quarter of the earth, a mass-meeting had been arranged for the afternoon, in the Metropolitan Opera House of New York. There I was confronted by three thousand men, who, for the most part clean-shaven, gave a splendid impression of ruddy health. Their fixed attention, given me in advance, was a revelation of concentrated strength; it was like a rampart of resolute wills. I felt as though I were before a company ready for battle, whose inflexible courage needed only to be aroused by some ringing appeal. Such an audience transports and inspires the one who is to address it, and he gives himself to it, whole-hearted, fired with the will to sow his life broadcast there, if need be: it would fall upon ground worthy of the best seed! But when a man comes into contact with such generous natures, he receives more than he gives, and goes away not impoverished, but enriched with moral force.

At the close of these lectures, a part of the au-

dience always comes forward; it is the time for the shaking of hands and other demonstrations of brotherhood. One evening, in a great college where thousands of young women pursue their studies, I saw the whole body of them pass before me in this way. Seated at ease, I grasped the hand of each of these studious children—dear hope of their mother-country—and I had leisure to observe their faces, their different types, and whatever else may be revealed at a glance. There were few among them who did not appear robust; the very great number, vigorous, self-reliant and smiling, were a pleasure to behold, with their air of splendid health, that accords so well with the grace of twenty years. And I thought of their parents, of all the riches of tenderness poured out upon them, and of the great Republic in which they were to take their places as wives and mothers. I got into personal touch with each one, learning from a word in passing, things good and gracious—the things that make humanity lovable.

So you see how it was that a tour comprehending a hundred and fifty lectures, sermons, and addresses of all sorts, numerous social functions and thousands of miles of travel, could leave behind it the impression of a pleasure trip.

XXXIII

A LESSON CARRIED FROM THE BLIND TO THOSE WHO SEE

ON the twenty-third of November, in the early hours of the morning, I arrived at Overbrook Asylum, near Philadelphia, which shelters a great number of blind people of all ages. It was the morning following my second day at Washington, a very busy day, whose fatigue had been dispelled by a night in the sleeping-car.

The white walls of Overbrook shone from afar, as we made our way across the country in the face of a gentle and invigorating breeze. We were not long in reaching the home, which we visited in detail, and I mused upon the fact that by a single glance into the rooms and courts I was seeing more of them than their inhabitants would ever see.

Our inspection ended in the great auditorium—such a one as is found in every American institution—where all the inmates of the home were then assembled, young and old, of both sexes, a very large number of them being children. Mrs. Wood,

the devoted wife of the blind organist, sang Mendelssohn's "Lobgesang" magnificently, and her husband played some organ music. During the moment's silence at the beginning, I had been impressed and saddened by the pall of night over all these faces—of men, women and children. Some of them wore dark glasses to protect and hide their poor eyes incapable of seeing, but not of suffering; in other cases the great, hollow vacancies seemed like denuded hearths, inhabited by nothing but regret for the lost fire. But with the first outburst of music, this darkness was everywhere pierced by a light which was a revelation of happiness.

After the solos, everybody rose to join in a chorus, with Mr. Wood as conductor; not a hackneyed, commonplace thing, but a splendid ensemble, demanding long and skilful preparation. As I listened I observed attentively the sight before me, and I saw that the singers were entirely absorbed in their song. They revelled in the harmony, as though it were light. Now they saw!

When they had finished singing, we spoke to them, and it is a very peculiar experience for a man accustomed to express himself with the aid of gesture and facial play, to address an audience for

whom nothing of his discourse exists at all except what can be heard; he must seek to put all that he feels into the one means of expression to which he finds himself reduced.

But I had yet to learn, in this place and during this same hour, that there are cases of much greater isolation than that of the blind. While the music was going on, I had already noticed in the front row a very little boy who remained seated when the others rose, and seemed to have no part in anything —neither the addresses and stories nor the music; his attitude was that of a being overwhelmed by some superhuman evil. Mr. Wanamaker, whom I had seen sit down by the child a moment and caress him, explained to me that the poor little fellow was not only blind but a deaf-mute as well; so all that was happening was hidden from him. He seemed the prisoner of a sort of Fatality—like the mute figures one finds in the dramas of Æschylus, as though witnessing to some tremendous and unvoiced disaster.

This pitiful little being, bowed under his host of infirmities, wrung my heart. Any outcry was to him nothing at all; every visible sign would be powerless before him. So while the others were speaking,

I sat down beside him, and let him feel, very gently, that some one was there. He crept nearer, nestling against me, and I drew his head to my heart, ran my hands through his hair, and stroked his cheeks. His sad face began to clear; it was evident that there in his dark cell, shut in by the triple wall of blindness, deafness and dumbness, the child was taking interest in my visit. Then an idea entered my head. What if I should tell him a story! I took his hands, and grasped first his thumb, and then the fingers, one by one, raising them, lowering them, bending them together, tapping them, blowing on them, treating them as piano keys to be played on, and resorting to a series of manipulations that finally made my poor little youngster laugh outright. And as seeing children, at the end of one story ask for another, so he stretched out his hands for me to begin again to play with them, and make a different story for him. We had a long conversation in this improvised Volapük, and certainly we parted friends.

Great misfortunes are great mysteries; I counsel no one to try to explain them, for some aspect of their immensity always escapes us. But misfortune says to us: " Be kind! " In presence of the defects

and deficiencies of life, as we see them in these poor cramped and mutilated existences, the man who does not feel an ardent desire to contribute toward paying the enormous debt of misfortune, is not a man. If we understood the speech of wounded and suffering humanity, we should turn from our evil ways, and the divine pity we should feel would cleanse us from all impurity. The only right and humane conclusion to draw from the most fearful calamities, is always the same; humanity, not yet out of its darkness or twilights, has half discerned it; the Gospel taught no other. What shall we do, in the face of these mountains of suffering? We must love.

I left Overbrook with two images in my heart, one of the little boy, deaf, dumb, and blind; the other of the great messenger of inexhaustible Pity, who said: "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden." To what child crowned with golden curls and fresh delights, would He have said with more sweetness than to this poor little crushed being: "Suffer the little children to come unto me."

* * * * *

Two hours later, by one of those coincidences that

strike the mind as the flint does the rock, I found myself in Arch Street, Philadelphia, before more than a thousand children that the Friends had brought together to hear me. In anticipation of the event, I had prepared an address, but to give it at that moment would have been impossible. I left it in the depths of my pocket, and, very simply, the method of the Friends imposed itself upon me:—Speak as your heart moves you; proclaim to others what the Spirit says to you in secret.

Had I not here before me the most precious of all the city's treasure? The body of the great house, the galleries, and every niche and corner were literally overflowing with children—sturdy and smiling boys, charming little girls. What a fund of life and hope! What a sowing of energy! I had come out of night into the day. Oh, how the light of these great open eyes—children's eyes, whose beauty neither the smile of the flowers nor the starlight equals—how all this wealth of light recalled the pitiful darkness I had just left! Simply and directly I told them of what was oppressing me, thinking that this hard lesson from life would be good for them.

"You see here," I said, "a man who has just

come from visiting a crowd of blind children. They did not see him. Neither the roses in their garden, nor the golden shimmer of autumn forests, nor the blue of the sky, nor their mother's smile, exists for them. If every day an eye were loaned them for an hour, they would use it so well, that they would lay up a store of pictures for the hours of darkness.

All of you here have eyes the whole day long; what do you do with them? Do you even know how you should use them? Do you know how to look at things with them? The world is an open book under your eyes; do you read in it? What does the ant say to you, as it runs about in the sunshine among the glistening grains of sand? What does the silvery moonlight say, falling at night on your pillow before you close your eyes to sleep? Do you understand the stories written in people's faces? Have your eyes learned to smile and to console those who weep?

Do your eyes look straight into other people's eyes? Can people see your thoughts in them, as they see the golden pebbles at the bottom of a crystal spring, or do you drop them, ashamed of the thoughts they might reveal? Have you a coward's

eyes, afraid in danger, or are they able to face it, unflinching and undisturbed?"

So it was that by a simple effect of human solidarity, some blind children had furnished food for thought to children who could see.

XXXIV

HOMES AND HOSPITALITY

AMERICA does an enormous amount of building, but of all that she builds I prefer the suburban houses of wood, with their graceful outlines and their infinite variety. These are the American *homes*; they are to be found within the reach of all purses, and their number is past calculation.

In spite of the herculean difficulties that the growth of monster cities puts in the way, the city folk make a desperate struggle for private homes. Everywhere, even in the most populous centres, as soon as you get outside of certain districts the roofs begin to lower, and the great apartment-houses are replaced by dwellings designed for not more than two families, while interminable streets are filled with houses almost identical, standing wing to wing, that have been built for individual homes.

Beyond the region of these streets where the houses press upon one another like the cells of a hive, comes the open region of detached homes sur-

rounded by lawns and trees. To enter here, you go up a flight of five or six steps, so that there are lighted basements, and in them are the kitchen, the heating apparatus, and the cellar. The ground floor is encircled by a covered veranda, overgrown and beautified by ivy, roses, clematis, or other climbing plants, that is popularly called " the porch," and in summer is the chosen spot of the domicile. There is no attractive and comfortable guise that these " porches " do not assume, as is true with regard to the whole exterior of the houses, which resemble one another little, however, though a certain cachet marks them all. At first sight the American dwelling is distinguished from ours by less of symmetry and more of variety.

Upon penetrating the interior, you find all the rooms of the ground floor opening into a hall, from which the staircase mounts. The doors are a negligible feature, and often wanting altogether. On this floor are one or two reception-rooms, usually very simple, a library, and a dining-room. In the living-rooms, besides rocking-chairs and other comfortable seats, there are window-seats running around the bay-windows, and you feel yourself drawn toward the bright and cozy corners they make. On

the walls are numbers of engravings, many of them representing the monuments of Europe or pictures by the great masters. Mounting again, you find sleeping-rooms and bath-rooms. The sleeping-rooms are distinguished by the absence of carpets and hangings, carpets being the exception, and mattings or rugs the rule. The beds have no curtains, and the windows, which are large, have blinds or roller shades, with dainty muslin curtains in place of the heavy hangings we use in France. Often a fine wire gauze is so arranged as to allow the window to be opened without risk of mosquitoes entering; for of flies, and mosquitoes, and all winged and humming and whirring insects, America has a prodigious quantity. On beautiful summer evenings, countless beetles fly about, and the song of the crickets is truly meridional.

An American sleeping-room is designed with the special purpose of avoiding dust and close air, and once you have learned how to manage the windows and their fastenings, you can regulate the ventilation at will. There are few gimcracks about, if any, and all the surfaces are smooth and easily dusted. The heating arrangements of these houses are perfect; but in general, throughout the country, homes,

schools, public halls, railway trains—all are heated too much.

The beds are luxurious. It seems to me that I slept in the same one all the time I was in America, so alike are they in appearance and comfort. The bedsteads are usually of iron or brass, and often elegant in shape. The spring mattress has disappeared, and is advantageously replaced by woven wire " springs," such as our new schools and hospitals are beginning to use, and hair or felt mattresses of the finest quality; America not only knows how to work, she also knows how to provide for rest and cultivate the science of sleep. Look at the billboards, open the magazines at the advertising sections, which occupy a good half of them, and you will see all sorts of mattresses constructed with the greatest ingenuity—mattresses in two or three pieces; mattresses of five or six layers superimposed, and possessing the exact proportion of elasticity to firmness that makes a good bed. For workers, good sleep is so important, that too much attention cannot be given to the place where they rest their heads wearied by thought, and their limbs wearied by motion.

Every American home has a bath-room, and

many of them have more than one; indeed, the bath-room, epitome of all the comforts of the toilet, is a national institution. Among those who know the influence of the care of the skin upon health, the nervous system, the circulation of the blood, and all the organic functions of the body, the luxury of the bath-room ought to be counted one of the necessities of life. It is at once so hygienic and so agreeable, that it could not be too highly praised or recommended. The bath-room is certainly one source of the blooming appearance of hosts of Americans, and care of the person is a matter of universal concern. Nowhere else are so many kinds of soaps, powders, and creams, recommended and used, and nothing is more amusing than to read the advertisements of these articles, or to watch a first-rate barber at his work; when this capillary artist has shaved his client, he proceeds to manipulate the face so skilfully and conscientiously that you would say you were witnessing an embalmment! It is impossible to look out of a train window anywhere without seeing the life-size portrait of the inventor of a certain talcum powder, and judging by the fabulous sum of money such an amount of advertising suggests, you may calculate the extent of the

sales. "How shall we have red cheeks?" is a question replied to by numerous ingenious recipes. Such information as this will perhaps amuse certain of my countrywomen who drink vinegar in order to make themselves pale; but it is not possible to take too good care of our health and strength. We have enough colourless faces, and æsthetics apart, I think I make no ill wish for the young people of my native land, when I ask for them a fresh colour and rosy cheeks.

Nothing interests me more than the indoor life of the home and housework, so wherever I went I asked to visit kitchens. The kitchen is a social institution of the first rank; the future of nations is simmering there, and when women no longer interest themselves in cookery, the end of the world will have come. People had told me (what won't they tell you!) that American women were frivolous, that their husbands idolised them and treated them like dolls, toiling all day to provide them with beautiful clothes and insure them a life of idleness. A serious gentleman, monocle in eye, had also told me that there is no family life in America, that everybody lives in boarding-houses; so he had read in a book on the country. In order to ascertain the

truth for myself, I must needs be received as a friend, in private houses, and this was my good fortune during almost the entire visit. My old-time and ardent conviction in favor of family life also made it a duty to interest myself in the homes that offered me their kind hospitality. So we talked of everything pertaining to them, including kitchen affairs, and it was with pleasure that the ladies made me acquainted with their culinary laboratories, so important in the household economy, and explained to me the part they played in them. One day, in company with Dr. McCook, the learned scholar, and a writer of admirable books on ants and spiders, I made irruption into the kitchen at a moment when all the feminine portion of the household was busy making pickles and jam! I was permitted to taste of these products, and carried some precious recipes away with me. Meanwhile the Doctor had maliciously photographed me in the midst of pots and pans, lending an attentive ear to culinary dogma.

The fact is, that the very great majority of American women look after their homes with care and love. It is more and more difficult to get servants, so that it is necessary to be well informed

one's self, and ready to put one's hands into the dough. And this is what these ladies know how to do with the best grace in the world. I always found a hearty echo wherever I treated these subjects in public—subjects of minor importance in the eyes of the superficial only.

The American woman receives a different education from ours, an education suited from childhood to a greater share of freedom, and many more careers are open to her than to Frenchwomen. It is true that she hasn't the political franchise as yet, but she takes so large a part in life, and fills so many offices, that she has long ago formed the habit of being a somebody and her own mistress. So the number of women who do not look forward to marriage as the determination of their destiny, is more considerable than among us. It is also easier to find here than in the old world, women who are such pronounced feminists as to look upon themselves as the rivals and adversaries of men, rather than their allies. But these exceptions confirm the rule; and the rule is that American women are graciously and truly womanly. Perhaps in the normal and usual marriage, the women are wives above all, mothers afterward; while with us, as soon as there are chil-

dren, maternity becomes the stronger tie, and parents put their children first in their affections. But it is to the children's interest not to hold the first place, and to inspire them with a too high idea of themselves compromises their future. Is it not logical and salutary for the parents to put affection for each other first, and affection for their children second? It is the natural order, and that is never to be reversed with impunity.

* * * * *

The spirit of a home is best shown in its manner of exercising hospitality. To be kind to our own flesh and blood is an excellent thing, but true kindness always reaches beyond the bounds of our personal life and the limits of our family relationships. It is warm and expansive. I find great pleasure in giving expression here to all the cherished joy and satisfaction of heart that came to me in these American homes into which I entered for the first time. Hospitality had manifested itself in advance by the cordiality of the invitations, and I had formed a resolution to accept in each city the first that was offered me. This plan greatly facilitated matters, and permitted me, without the embarrassment of a choice, to be the guest of homes the most varied

from the standpoint of ideas, social station and occupations represented. But the cordiality was everywhere the same.

To begin with, when we alighted from the train, there was always our cordial host waiting to discover us among the crowd, and conduct us to his home. Arrived there, we would find the whole family in array to meet us, the little girls in gala dress with knots of ribbon in their hair, the older members of the household with hands outstretched to greet us. There was never any ice to break. And when we found ourselves at table and I looked around at all the faces, old and young together, the same question invariably rose in my mind:—"Where have I seen these people before?" They appeared to me so familiar, that I seemed not to be seeing them for the first time, but to be meeting them once more after a separation. And I recalled the kind letters that had reached me in France months earlier, in which people unknown to me had said, "You are not coming among strangers, but among brothers." From Washington to Chicago, from Boston to Indianapolis, the greater the change, the more was this true. And yet to practise hospitality under the circumstances was no sinecure. It

meant open house to a crowd of callers and journalists, as well as a heavy correspondence and frequent interruptions from the telephone.* All these inconveniences, great and small, were met with the utmost cheerfulness, and moreover, each host contrived to entertain in his home those friends whom I might have pleasure or interest in meeting.

This hospitality reminded me of all the beautiful things we read of the hospitality of the East, and of the tents of Abraham; I have never experienced the brotherhood of man under a more gracious guise. Esteeming sympathy and affection above all else that a man may receive from his fellows or give to them, I felt my measure full and running over with this which I hold most precious in the world, as I circulated about in this great country, like a drop of blood in the heart.

How many young men and women who had read my books, came to me as to an elder brother! And we talked together of the things that do not pass away, that nourish the soul and strengthen man's hope.

* I am thinking especially of the homes in which I passed whole weeks, as that of Miss Louise Sullivan in New York, C. F. Dole in Boston, and Jenkin Lloyd Jones in Chicago.

Often have I toiled and struggled in behalf of the ideas I defend, in behalf of the right to give new form to old truth; but what is this toil, which biassed minds force upon us, in comparison with the riches of these recompenses of the heart! I have long enjoyed them in my own country, from the great sweetness of ties with fellow-citizens coming from all the horizons of thought; now I was experiencing the same emotions heightened, on the other side of the sea, in the midst of all that America considers most catholic, most human, and most evangelical in the unconfined sense of this splendid term.

* * * * *

All these joys that I experienced, remain with me to-day in a wealth of remembrance, and it gives me a deep satisfaction to make a record here of hours that never can be forgotten. Perhaps, too, the friends across the sea will find in these lines a token from the heart, that the limits of human possibilities prevent me from sending them individually.

XXXV

THE AMERICAN TEMPERAMENT

I SHALL define it by a single word: it is youthful. Not that America has escaped all our tendencies to reversion, not but what she has certain defects characteristic of age and destructive of joy and strength; but she has taken a bath in a fountain of youth, provided by the very conditions of her history, and by that unprecedented development of hers which is a perpetual appeal to spontaneity and energy.

The feelings of youth are acute, and manifested with sincerity, and these same conditions are quickly perceived when one comes into close contact with the citizens of the United States. If they are in sympathy with you, it does not take them long to show it; if you offend them, they say so frankly.

Such plain-dealing is not only a safeguard for society, it is a source of security and good feeling in all the relations of life. How greatly I prefer it to manners more distinguished in appearance and

more pleasing, but often without sincerity or real kindness.

Practical joking, sarcasm, and a whole train of impulses arising out of what is unkind, negative, and caustic in man, are comparatively rare; a sense of humour relegates them to the background, and replaces them to advantage. Mockery and the satirical spirit that lives brilliantly upon booty snatched openly from the resources and reputation of its neighbours, play no prominent rôle in the literature, the journalism, or the daily life of America. When Americans are malicious, they are frankly and brutally so.

Like youth, again, they are full of hope and prompt initiative; but they join to these buoyant and impulsive qualities a stock of endurance and patient wisdom. Their enthusiasms have to-morrows; it is even rather an affectation of theirs to put through anything they have once seriously undertaken, except, of course, when they are convinced of being in the wrong. To have blundered is not to their mind a reason for blundering still, nor does one's honour demand that he persist in error once it has been pointed out to him.

The Americans are proud of their country, and

without dissimulation; they do not drop their eyes at compliments. One of the first questions they put to a newly arrived visitor is: "How do you like America?" and they ask it as though you were the first foreigner ever to have landed on their shores, and listen to your reply with the attention and gravity of men who have never before heard what you say. Are not these noteworthy signs of a juvenile temperament, exuberant and confiding, responsive equally to praise and blame? It is an unalloyed pleasure to be able to say to men possessed of such open-heartedness, all the good things you think of their country and institutions. But if, as is inevitable, you voice a criticism, make a reservation, sound a warning, then the most remarkable trait of this temperament appears. Your words are listened to with a conscientiousness and a sincerity full of lessons for us Frenchmen. What I shall call "the better America," is certainly animated by the most ardent desire to recognise the national faults and imperfections, in order to set about their correction. I have rarely seen such manifest pride united with such true humility. To me the modest man is not he who repels you with protesting gestures, and screens his face when you offer him merited praise;

but he who accepts the praise, and also knows how to take blame.

In this sketch of the American temperament, the element of compassion must not be forgotten—that pity of the strong for the weak which presents such a beautiful contrast to aggressiveness. I could only glance rapidly at the works of mercy and asylums for suffering and old age; but even in passing one catches the spirit of active and intelligent tenderness which breathes through these abodes of illness and weakness. The hands of these people are not only creative of prodigies of industrial genius, they are also compassionate to the wounded and the defeated. And their pity extends even to animals; during all my travels in America, I did not once see a horse ill-treated.

Another sign of youth in the Americans, is the fact that they are fond of simple diversions. Youth does not require an expensive equipment or elaborate preparations in order to be gay. Hunger is the best sauce, and a certain personal capacity for being happy is the best condition for happiness. I accumulated a quantity of proofs of this truth in the United States. The searchers after artificial distractions might think the American people had little

amusement, for to their minds it is a sorry country in which they do not find their accustomed round of pleasures; but the countries most to be envied are those which get their amusement without the aid of these sophisticated joys so quickly perishable. America takes her diversion in open-air sports and in the thousand unexpected fruits of a good-humour that a busy life induces and keeps constant. People of all ages are very fond of what they call "fun," which is the endless series of amusing situations that are seen by the quick minds of kindly, busy, and light-hearted men, in the daily events of life, and the countless little jokes they make out of the material thus come to hand—jokes that often entertain for whole days a family or even a town.

America has a day set apart for fun, when those high spirits that are the inventors of wholesome merriment and mirth-provoking pranks, receive the homage of a whole responsive people. At this time of Hallowe'en I was in Minneapolis. After my evening lecture, which had been given in a large church, the Pastor said to me: "There is a gathering of young people in a room up-stairs; would that interest you? We ought to warn you that it is an extremely merry crowd." Friend that I am of youth and gaiety, I

did not need a second invitation, and a long and laborious day had disposed me for just such an end of the evening.

We came out into the brilliancy of a festival at its very height. So it seemed that while the lecture was going on below, up under the eaves of this church these young people were at their sports, and it had not entered any one's mind that there was incongruity in it. Everybody was in costume, and on what was evidently a temporary stage, some of the merry-makers were acting little pieces and singing, while the audience took an active part by joining in the choruses. It was all very jolly, and perfectly proper. Those who monotonously grind out vulgar plays and equivocal songs, have no idea of the inexhaustible riches in the gamut of human gaiety. The source of true joy is as pure as heaven and as exhaustless as the sea.

What a good hour we passed under the gables of that church! I see myself yet, perched on a table, a sort of improvised platform, from which the joyous movement in the room could be viewed at ease. And looking out upon these young men and women, and boys and girls of ten or a dozen years, enjoying all this together, like members of one great

family, you felt sure that their pleasure was genuine. At the same moment, the same kind of festivities were going on, but with countless variations, throughout the vast territory of the Republic. Outside most of the houses we passed on our way home, were lighted jack-o'-lanterns, the face of each of them a little more comical than the one before it.

The Americans also have "Thanksgiving," a religious day, at once a public and a family celebration. The idea of the day is an accounting of the benefits of the past year, and an appeal to steadiness of purpose and to gratitude. The churches are crowded, and the spirit of the nation is strengthened and purified at its source by prayer and brotherly communion. This is the serious side of the medal; now for the merry side.

In the homes the family groups assemble, and the dinner of the day is marked by a special openheartedness. A simpler and old-time touch is given it, by assigning to the head of the family parts of the service that are usually left to the servants. Standing, he carves the enormous turkey and the traditional sucking-pig. Custom demands singing during the meal, and sometimes, to preserve the

measure, he who carves stops to beat time with his knife.

May we be permitted an anecdote concerning "The Simple Life" and Thanksgiving? This being a day of mirth and festivity, commodities have a tendency to rise in price, the turkey especially mounting sometimes beyond what is reasonable. A humourous paper made use of this fact to bring a disciple of the simple life into conflict with the tradesmen. The caricatures show him going from one market to another; and after each ineffectual effort to make a bargain for a turkey, a pig, or some other commodity, he exclaims: "After all, one can get on without that!" In the end he celebrates his Thanksgiving with a sandwich.

XXXVI

SYMPATHIES WITH FRANCE

AMERICA likes France, and a Frenchman travelling in the United States easily gathers proofs of this sympathy. I myself encountered numerous evidences of it. In the first place, Lafayette is not forgotten, but the fraternity in arms now more than a century gone by, and the Frenchmen who set out enthusiastically to help America regain her freedom, are still recalled with emotion.

I had discovered this before leaving Paris, and under significant circumstances. Walking in the Reuilly quarter one day, I ran upon a group of Americans, who peremptorily asked of me: "Where is the heart of Lafayette?" I took good care not to betray the fact that I didn't know; these men from across the sea should give me a lesson in history. So I said to them, "Pardon me, I will tell you in a moment," and disappeared into one of the convents of the rue de Reuilly. After a lot of questions

put to the inmates—who proved to be no better informed than I—some one came forward who said that the tomb of Lafayette is in the cemetery of the Picpus Fathers, in the rue de Picpus; that his heart is not, as sometimes supposed, in an urn by itself, but that it was left in its natural place. I communicated this information to the tourists, who were patiently waiting for me in the street, and we went our ways, they quite content, I somewhat pensive. How many Frenchmen know this tomb? In the case of Americans, people ordinarily characterised as eminently practical and utilitarian, such a pilgrimage seemed to me very touching, and I have since become convinced that the group of men I met in the rue de Reuilly, did not make an honourable exception, as it were, to a general rule, but was representative of the average feeling in America.

Not only is Lafayette still remembered, but no occasion is lost to emphasise the goodwill felt toward the sister Republic. How many times were the platforms from which I spoke, trimmed with French and American colors! and at table, expressive of a charming delicacy of sentiment, French flags of lilliputian dimensions often decorated the

corsages of the women and the buttonholes of the men.

Yet in spite of this lively sympathy, we are too little understood on the other side of the Atlantic. True, there are many Americans who travel yearly on the Continent, and who delight to stay in Paris or on the Riviera; but an infinitely greater number never leave their native land. Over this tremendous territory of the United States is spread a population of eighty millions, the very great majority of whom have never seen Europe, and speak only the English language. Thus it happens that America is really little acquainted with us, and badly acquainted. Although looked upon with favour, and the recipients of a traditional goodwill, yet we do not enjoy a very flattering reputation in the country. Seen from a distance, our politics often appear capricious, unstable, and partisan; the inherited difficulties through which we are trying to find the way of the future, are not sufficiently well understood abroad.

And our morality is the object of strange preconceptions. By our exported literature, we are judged to be a people without morals or family life; all France is viewed through the particular medium

of novels that skirt the perilous, and establishments of the Paris boulevards which are frequented much more by foreigners than by Frenchmen.

If, then, in spite of this summary and unfavourable acquaintance, our friends of the United States have such a store of goodwill for us, what would be the case if they knew us better? For in truth we are among those people who improve upon acquaintance—be it said in all seriousness.

Meanwhile many Americans, the women especially, are striving to acquire the French language, though with varying results. For instance, once when at the request of a teacher I addressed in French his advanced class of young ladies, I soon perceived that the expression of their faces did not accord with the sense of my words. So I said to them without ceremony: "You certainly are not following me." It was true; they weren't, and I was obliged to continue in English.

Elsewhere I was more fortunate. Whole audiences of young women followed a lecture in French understandingly, or manifested the greatest delight in listening to stories in our language. At Vassar College, for instance, I told stories a whole evening long to a crowd of charming young people grouped

around me, and I can yet hear them say: "One more!" Most of these girls not only expressed themselves well in French, but had also an acquaintance with French literature by no means to be despised. They were pupils of M. Charlemagne Bracq, our distinguished fellow-countryman, one of the men who labour most to extend the knowledge of our language in the United States, and one who has founded a number of libraries in which he endeavours to collect the works of our best authors. Thanks to the influence of the *Alliance Française*, there are in many cities circles for the cultivation of French, and we often met their members, women especially, who were assiduously pursuing the study of the language.

French professors in considerably large numbers, offer private lessons throughout the country, but the greater part of them are English, Americans, Germans or Russians. We had the pleasure, however, of encountering some of our own countrymen who had found the teaching of French in the United States a very satisfactory career. Among the French books best liked by young Americans are the romances of Erckmann-Chatrian.

The people of the country who are interested in

the progress of ideas in France, are almost all acquainted with the name of Sabatier, but for them, there is only one Sabatier. In reality, we have three of them: Armand, professor of biology at Montpellier; Paul, author of the "Life of Saint Francis of Assisi," and Auguste, author of "The Philosophy of Religion," and "Religions of Authority." These three men and their names give rise to amusing complications. Accompanying a magazine article on Auguste Sabatier, I saw the portrait of Paul Sabatier. As another instance, people are moved to transports of admiration over the wide perspective of this Sabatier, who is a master of natural science and the philosophy of religion, and a historian to boot!

After all, at this distance, a confusion of names is easily pardonable. We have such experiences in France, when we undertake to talk about prominent men of other nations. Then let us rather congratulate ourselves, that our triple Sabatier enjoys such a reputation in the United States.

At Albany, two ladies of distinction, attached to the State Department of Instruction, who were my hostesses, said to me, with a quizzical smile: "We are going to present to you a compatriot of yours

who teaches us to pronounce French." Thereupon they brought out a box, with the information that here was their little Frenchman. It was in fact a phonograph, with registers of current conversations; and when the ladies would accustom their ears to a correct French pronunciation, they make ready their "little Frenchman," who forthwith begins to talk with great volubility. I have since learned from the newspapers, that these Albany ladies were by no means exceptional in their method of study by phonograph, but that it is very widely followed.

XXXVII

AN AMUSING LITTLE BLUNDER

I AM going to tell you the story of two men who played a sort of hide-and-seek game without finding each other: the two men were General Miller and myself.

General Miller is an Alsatian, what is more, he is from Oberhoffen, near Bischwiller, country of hop-vines, an immense plain having the Vosges on one horizon, and on the other the sombre barrier of the Black Forest, with the silvery ribbon of the Rhine alóng its edge. Thùs General Miller is my fellow-countryman, and after reading my book, he made several attempts to find me in Paris, but was always unsuccessful. When my trip to America was resolved upon, we began an exchange of letters, in the course of which it was agreed that General Miller should show me something of his country, and it seemed that at last we were to meet.

The General lives in Franklin, where he has large business interests and takes an active part in educational matters, both secular and religious; it

happens, however, that there are a number of towns in the United States named Franklin, a fact of which I had neglected to inform myself; one of them is in Pennsylvania—the right one; another is in Indiana.

Coming, in the course of my tour, to Indianapolis, where I spent two nights, I asked my host if he knew General Miller of Franklin. He said that he did, that Franklin was only a few miles distant and might be reached by trolley. The General was at once called up over the telephone, we talked together, and he accepted an invitation to luncheon for the following day.

We met at the appointed hour. He talked of my book, I talked of Oberhoffen and Bischwiller, of Alsace and of the old pastor who had been his teacher and was the grandfather of my wife. During this discourse, which moved the Alsatian in me with all the charms of memory, it seemed to me that General Miller's expression became more and more peculiar. I halted and brought the matter to an issue. "You certainly are, General, an Alsatian like myself, a native of Oberhoffen?" I demanded.

"No, I am a stranger to Oberhoffen and Alsace alike!"

"Then it is all the more certain that you do not know old Pastor Heldt?"

"I never before heard his name."

"Why, then, you aren't General Miller at all."

"Indeed I am."

"General Miller of Franklin?"

"General Miller of Franklin."

"How strange! In what wars were you a commander?"

"I never was a commander in any war. I was for a long time attorney-general, and from that fact, people have given me the title of General."

There was nothing to do but to laugh over the blunder, and we lunched together in the best of spirits.

All this time, the veritable General Miller was asking himself what had become of his absent-minded compatriot. Driven with work every passing day, finding never a quiet hour for introducing a bit of order into a correspondence already in hopeless confusion, I arrived at the end of November without making a sign to the General, and then the accumulation of engagements for the few hours left made life so intense, that any thought of an escape to Franklin became chimeric.

The day of my departure had come, and I was already on board the *Savoie,* when, at the last moment, a man, affable and smiling, presented himself as General Miller. This time it was really he; he had learned from the newspapers when I was sailing, and had come without delay to say "how do you do?" and "good-bye" in the same breath, an example, I take it, of thorough good nature. We had a moment of fun over my geographical blunders, and I am taking the first opportunity to acknowledge them.

XXXVIII

IN THE CHICAGO STOCK-YARDS

I WAS going to Chicago, but I was not going to the stock-yards; that was an understanding I made with myself long in advance. After one of my lectures in that city, a portly man with a massive head covered with white hair, and a kindly face, presented himself to me. He spoke English and German, manifested a lively sympathy with my ideas, and expressed the desire of meeting me again, when, he said, he should like to show me something of the city, including his own industry. As I am interested in the different industries, in an amateur way, to be sure, but very seriously, it has always been a great pleasure to me to visit manufactories in company with men qualified to explain their processes, and I gladly accepted the invitation, already picturing myself among the looms of a great mill, or the blast furnaces of some smelting establishment.

Precisely at the appointed hour, my guide arrived in his carriage; he himself drove, and he

took me straight to the stock-yards, for his name was Nelson Morris, and he was proprietor of one of the oldest and largest establishments concerned in this colossal business.

As we drove along, he told me the story of his life. Son of a poor German Jew, proscribed in 1848 for his republican ideas, he had reached America with very modest savings that he had accumulated under great difficulties. He began by peddling meat from a basket, when Chicago was as yet only a small town, and his basket grew with the city, until it now held within its enormous sides the products of ten thousand head of cattle a day.

The avenues of Chicago are long, and people driving through them may talk at their ease; there was time for me to learn that Mr. Morris bore in his heart the great grief of a loss. At a word we understood each other, and my sympathy was quickly and deeply aroused for this stranger, speaking of distress of soul so well known to me. And in his case, no hope accompanied it: he was of the number of those who have no outlook upon the invisible, believing that we can count upon nothing but what are commonly called positive realities. He spoke of his home. "It is just as we made it when we mar-

ried, my wife and I, and when we were in modest circumstances. And we shall not change it: all my memories are there." This simplicity I heartily approved.

We arrived at our destination, where the attention is first attracted by the immense yards into which the stock is incessantly pouring from all parts of the country. In passages between these yards, men on horseback, prospective buyers, move about freely, that they may better see the quality of the stock. From here the animals go up inclined plains to the fatal spot where they are to be sacrificed.

I had a vision of a torrent of beings swept on to death. From the vast plains of the west, where they had lived their peaceful life, countless herds, like so many brooklets that are to come together into a great river, were making their way toward the same point, to end there in a cataract of blood, another Niagara, that should distribute health, strength, and life to cities far and wide; all these myriads of dumb beasts must die in order that we might live.

And I mused upon all that we humans cost, upon all that goes into that mysterious matrix out of which humanity springs. Are we worth so much

sacrifice? I wondered; do we lead such lives that we may be said to render an equivalent for what is expended in our behalf? All the interesting things I might have observed in the vast area about which we were circulating, faded out before this insistent question that had risen to disturb my mind. Certainly many details must have escaped me, and I was entirely oblivious to the presents Mr. Morris made me all along our progress among canned and salted and smoked meats; but in fact, when I had left him, I made the discovery that my pockets were crammed with sausages.

The street through which I was passing was full of newsboys crying their papers, and I made a great number of friends among them, at the cost of a sausage apiece. I could only regret that my pockets had not been more numerous and more capacious.

XXXIX

DEAN, MY KEEPER

WHO is Dean? Dean is the servant attached to the person of Mr. John Wanamaker. He has more than once made the tour of the world, and can express himself in a number of languages; but he says little, in order that he may the better observe every opportunity for making himself useful.

Dean is English by birth, a bachelor, and the very dutiful son of an old mother still living in England. Dean has good eyes, not at all ironical, like those of many servants in great houses, behind whose smooth faces lie imperceptible smiles that speak eloquently of the emptiness and hypocrisy of mundane life. Dean wears no mask; his face is his own, and he is a somebody.

On several occasions Mr. Wanamaker deprived himself of Dean's services, in order that I might have him for a guardian, so I learned to appreciate his value. From the moment my person was given into his charge, I belonged to him; respectfully but

firmly he kept watch of everything, and suffered no infringement of the orders he had received.

"Dean, here is the programme of the trip, the time of the lectures, the hours of appointments and social engagements; see that it is perfectly carried out!"—and the whole matter was off my shoulders.

When I went to Washington, Dean was my inseparable attendant; he conducted me to the White House, saw me installed, and came for me at the end of the visit. On the train he paid me every attention, particularly that of leaving me to myself, while from the smoker, where he sat cultivating the cigar that he loves, he kept guard. If I loitered to talk after a lecture, Dean appeared on my horizon, and I saw the hour in his face. So it was that everything passed off without a hitch.

I must confess that on two occasions I embarrassed, very likely even scandalised my guardian. The first was at Philadelphia. The day, which was overcast, began with a lecture at Germantown, before an audience exclusively feminine. At its close I had an animated conversation with a number of my listeners, which threatened to extend itself; but at precisely the hour appointed to set out for another meeting, in the centre of the town, Dean

appeared to warn me. He led the way to the carriage, and was already holding open the door, when one of my questioners, hoping to prolong the conversation, came up and begged me to go in her carriage, which she promised should follow the precise route of the one into which Dean still persisted in wishing me to enter. Finally, not without reluctance, the good man resigned himself to allow me to accept the gracious invitation I had received.

At first all went well, and we followed in the wake of the other carriage; but at a certain point the leader became embarrassed in a very narrow space between the curb and a ditch some workmen were digging in the middle of the street. Seeing that the first carriage advanced with difficulty, the coachman of the second turned into a side street, promising himself to rejoin the other at the earliest possible moment. When Dean became aware of our disappearance, he was thrown into extreme agitation by the possibility of lost time and a broken engagement, and he swore by all his gods that never again would he permit the least change in the programme. Quarter of an hour later we found one another again, and all was well; but I had the regret of having caused my faithful mentor anxiety.

The second irregularity was a breach of decorum, the corpus delicti being a pair of gloves. Gloves are something I have always dispensed with whenever there was the slightest excuse for it, but I have worn them, in the past, on great occasions. However, there came a time in my life when I found that their presence on my hands gave me a sense of asphyxiation, and not being sufficiently fond of these useless ornaments to sacrifice my comfort to them, little by little they disappeared entirely, first from my hands, then from my pockets—in fine, for fifteen years I had not possessed a pair. However, in calling on the President of the United States, I believed it indispensable to wear gloves, and had acquired possession of a pair for the express purpose. At the moment when I should have put them on to go down to meet the President, impossible to find the gloves! I had left them in Philadelphia! Dean was visibly shocked. I said to him: "Listen! I am in the house, I don't need a hat nor, strictly speaking, gloves either; besides, in the case of the author of 'The Simple Life,' to be without them will appear rather the application of a principle than the consequence of absent-mindedness." And I went away happy, to meet my illus-

trious host, while Dean followed me with a look of consternation.

Beyond a doubt he has forgotten all this now, but he deserves not to be forgotten himself, and as one cuts with his penknife, in the bark of a tree, a name that he wishes to preserve, I etch on this page, with especial satisfaction, the name of *Dean*.

XL

A VISION OF RIVERS

THE night train was ploughing its fiery way from Chicago to Minneapolis. The berths had been made up, the passengers had disappeared, and some of them were adding the bass of their slumbers to the song of the wheels on the vibrant ribbon of the rails. With my head propped up on the pillows, and turned toward the window, I lay looking out on boundless plains that were fleeing behind us in the pale rays of moonlight, where the silver sheen of innumerable lakes alternated with the brownish silhouette of earth and wood. It is a most comfortable fashion of travelling and viewing the landscape, and with such vistas only half discerned through a white veil of mist, one's thought glides insensibly into memories or dreams.

* * * * *

A tremendous vision passed across my spirit, of which Niagara, but then seen, made the beginning.

With thunderous crashings the cataract, sea-green and white, precipitated its avalanches of waves and its whirlpools of foam into the gulf below. It was like a wild race for the abyss of myriads of oncoming waves, each uttering its cry as it took the downward leap.

From this quenchless flow of water, for ever spreading out its marvellous sheets and tossing its spray full of dancing rainbows, little by little I passed to the vision of a cataract of golden grain. This change of scene was doubtless due to local influences; were we not rolling over the plains where every year great harvests of wheat spring up and ripen, stretching out like great seas, with their billowy yellow spikes? were we not on our way to Minneapolis, city of mills, where the young Mississippi turns thousands of wheels? A great river, a river of golden wheat, was pouring out upon it ceaseless waves that bore in their flanks the bread of men.

After this symbol of national riches, my fancy, half in slumber, half awake, contemplated another. Across the plains of far-off Texas, billowed a fantastic flood of cotton, virgin as the fields of Alpine heights, bearing away, even to the ends of the earth,

the wherewithal to spin threads to weave that fair cloth which is a joy to the eyes.

And then the milky river of cotton was gradually replaced by a torrent of blood, that bespattered its banks as it went. This was the souvenir of Chicago's horrid flood. Happily it but passed and was gone, and already from a city buried in clouds of smoke, a cyclopean city seated among the coal hills, I saw a stream of steel outgushing. It escaped from its prison with roarings like a tempest, while blue, green, and golden stars flashed and whirled along its triumphant way. From its molten heart long fiery serpents darted, whose rings black cyclops riveted to earth, in far-stretching paths of iron. And the flood of steel flowed on through the cities and towns, rising in skeleton buildings, spanning rivers and arms of the sea, transforming itself into tools, into machines, into ships—a tireless creator of marvels.

At that moment,—was it the effect of all this molten metal?—I was drawn from my reverie by the consciousness of a burning thirst, and fortunately there was something in the net above my head with which to quench it—a store of beautiful red-cheeked apples. As I reduced these to refresh-

ing cider, the sense of reality came back to me; but that only made it the clearer that I had been seeing a kind of vision, in which the prodigious wealth of America was imaged in rivers not down upon the maps.

XLI

"THE SIMPLE LIFE" INTERPRETED IN OAK

BESIDES the Western languages into which "The Simple Life" has been translated, it has had the honour to be put into Japanese, a tongue destined to become more and more truly living; and Hebrew, one reputed to be dead, which nevertheless has remained for certain people their means of expression both oral and written. But a still more unexpected translation has been made of it, that has given me acute pleasure; it has been interpreted in oak.

The man to achieve this work, Mr. Stickley, of Syracuse, New York, is at once the editor of a magazine, the *Craftsman*, and an artificer who himself works out the ideas it upholds. The aim Mr. Stickley has set himself, is the realisation of homelike simplicity and honest durability in furniture, and he is also continually planning new forms of dwellings, each more delectable and alluring than its predecessor. To build houses worthy to be the

social centre of the family, comfortable and attractive, announcing even in their exterior the peace of home; to furnish them with objects at once useful, practical and capable of speaking to the heart —such is Mr. Stickley's high ideal.

Finding himself thus at one with me, and having proclaimed himself my disciple, he wished me to see his work and visit his workshops. This I did, and was highly interested, especially in the department where the wood, heated in vapour baths, is made to give out its own colour and overspread itself with delicate natural tints no artificial colouring or varnish could imitate.

Mr. Stickley has as collaborator on the *Craftsman* staff, Mr. George Wharton James, a tall man, somewhat pale, with black eyes and a flowing beard, one of the keenest and most virile personages I encountered in America. He has passed long years amid the solitudes of the Grand Cañon and the majestic scenery along the Colorado River; he has lived among the Indians, observing their customs and industries. He has the soul of the artist and explorer, always originating, and puts into whatever he undertakes a passionate ardour and tireless perseverance.

Mr. Stickley's home is built after *Craftsman* plans and principles. The living-room, adjoining the dining-room, especially impresses one by its original aspect. It is all in wood—ceiling, walls and furniture, a minimum of textiles insuring a minimum of dust. From the very threshold you feel yourself made welcome by an air of good cheer and friendliness that everything seems to breathe forth.

One evening, returning to the Stickley home, fatigued by travels and lectures, I dropped into a great chair near the fireplace, where I found myself so comfortable, that doubtless I made a fervent eulogy of this refreshing seat. The children climbed upon my knees, stories were told, and a good talk followed. I remember nothing more of this evening, save that it was delightful, diverting, and full of cordiality. Mr. Stickley, however, took his own way of commemorating it.

After I was back again in France, one day I saw a mysterious case arrive at my house, large enough to have served Diogenes for a domicile. Out of its crated sides emerged the great chair of the Stickley home, bearing under its left arm a charm-

ing inscription, such as one might fasten beneath the wing of a carrier pigeon.

So among my translations of "The Simple Life," I am so happy as to possess a chapter out of the unique one originated by Mr. Stickley.

XLII

AMERICA'S STRONGHOLDS

THESE strongholds contain neither guns nor ammunition, and yet within them lie the strength and authority of America, the weapons of attack and defence that have established her influence. They have their seat in the hearts and minds of her citizens, where they seem to me more stable than if founded in the rock.

The first is religious faith, so profoundly rooted in the American character as to determine in some degree its distinctive aspect, stamping it with an imprint that irreligion or materialism are not able to efface, and that is visible even in the earnest and generous activity of societies like those of ethical culture, which hold aloof from all religious belief. Its influence, calm and deep, even makes itself felt among the indifferent or irreligious mass of the newly arrived, who are not yet grounded in the country's traditions. Even the superficial observances of men of habit, and the studied devotion of hypocrites, cannot invalidate this fact, which is so

evident, so often verified in the family and in society, that its reality is not to be questioned. America is twice religious—by inheritance and by conviction. She bears within her the concentrated and unified force of a pious fidelity to tradition and a free and personal communion with the permanent fund of truth. Thus when the great occasions of the national life are celebrated by worship, or whenever public men invoke religious sentiment, it is not by way of conventionality, but it is the expression of actual opinion. And when the national anthem of the Republic is sung, be it by grown people or children, there is one apostrophe that vibrates with deeper emotion than all the others: *O God our King!*

The splendid vitality of her religion makes America just, tolerant, respectful of the belief of others. When the Faith is no longer anything but an idea and a formula, it becomes dictatorial, exclusive, intolerant toward the beliefs of others, scornful of whatever is unofficial. Anathema is the menacing weapon of old and decrepit doctrines.

The second of America's strongholds is faith in liberty. Oh, it was not built in a day—that proud citadel where the starry flag of independence floats to the breeze—the flag of an independence not

only accepted, but also proclaimed as a law of the social life; it took long years and much pains to build that citadel. But it is established for all time, and no one shall harm it. Our old Europe has states to show whose politics consists wholly in preventing the normal development of men and institutions. In them law takes the form of systematic prohibition; initiative is charged with being insubordination; independence of mind is the crime of *lèse-tradition*. The government's only care is to see that nothing new happens; the fear of liberty is not only the beginning but the whole of wisdom.

But America—America believes in liberty as she believes in God. And as she believes in the God of others, in the sacred right of every one to worship God as he will, and form his own idea of him, so she believes in the Liberty of others. And her vigorous faith is able to bear trials; she does not abandon her veneration for Liberty because hateful abuses have shown the disadvantages of a freedom too unconfined. She does not shackle honest men because criminals prey upon their neighbours; she would not mask the sun because it produces shadows.

In politics, in religion, everywhere, there is ven-

tilation, freedom, the franchise for all and a fair field for individual effort. From childhood and from school-days, character is fostered, each is prompted to give out all there is in him, to dare to be, to declare himself in the fulness of his originality. Only one stipulation is made, he must respect the rights of his neighbours; but on this point, insistence is peremptory. America never pardons sins against liberty. However great and powerful those may be who monopolise and turn to their own profit the portion and the freedom of the whole, their fate is sealed in advance. One day or another, under the fire rained upon them from the citadel of Liberty, their bastions are reduced to dust.

The third stronghold is good faith. Do not suppose me to say that there are no knaves in America; in an international competition, she would perhaps establish the record for variety of sharp practices hitherto unrecorded; but it is only necessary to exchange a few letters, enter into a few different relations, converse or work together with people you chance to meet, to be impressed by the general respect of these people for a promise given. They have conscience, and of so loyal a character, that it comes to light in the midst of the most extraor-

dinary machinations of corruption. What among many elements, and perhaps the better elements, in some countries, is considered simply a form of politeness, a promise in the air, would be looked upon by them as a lack of sincerity. They think it kinder to make an outright refusal, than to give vain promises out of pity. No compliments, circumlocution, or lavish protestation! The gravest affairs are often settled in a few words. This good faith has something tranquillising and infectious about it; it is a perpetual appeal to seriousness on your own part; it rouses confidence, and at the same time calls out your sense of responsibility.

Certain expressions in frequent use, have always seemed to me a sort of current coin of a people's mentality. There is such an expression, often heard in the United States when you have recounted some happening, given information, or made known an opinion—"*Is that so?*" It is said in a confident and kindly tone, and at the same time is so frankly interrogative, that it is a most direct and powerful appeal to good faith.

The fourth stronghold is respect for woman; not that exaggerated form of it into which those Americans fall who treat their wives like cherished

dolls; but the feeling of deference and consideration which puts into the hearts of young men and old, that chivalric reverence for womanhood which seems to me one of the most substantial elements in the moral equipment of a society.

Under the protection of this sentiment, women and girls move about with freedom, everywhere in the country. The public conscience is their best safeguard, and no one fails in respect toward them. Thus their independence and their personality are better able to develop. A part of woman's bondage among us in France, comes from the subjection in which she is held by received customs. What a deprivation for our young girls not to be able to go about alone! What an evidence of distrust toward the masculine portion of the population, or toward the girls themselves! And what a public plague! Out of it distils a poison whose fatal effects are to be found in our education, our literature, and our family life.

Nothing is more encouraging than to observe the moral strength infused into a people by the existence among them of certain principles that are put into daily practice until they produce fixed habits. The best work we can do is to contribute to the

creation in the public mind of some of these fundamental convictions upon which the mentality of the masses depends. May those strongholds, which are the safeguards of vital energy, good-will, integrity, and faith, ever stand firm!

XLIII

A DINNER WITH HEROES

AMERICA having but the nucleus of a standing army, it may truthfully be said that in times of peace her military force is invisible. Nothing calls attention to it; nowhere do we see either officers or men about. I have therefore the more reason to congratulate myself upon having met with an opportunity to be present at a convention and banquet exclusively military.

This was the fourteenth annual meeting of the Medal of Honor Legion, and it was held at Atlantic City. Mr. Wanamaker, who was to respond to the toast, "The President of the United States," suggested that I accompany him, were it only to see this city of hotels and villas, that had sprung up in a few years on the borders of the sea. I had the honour to be invited to the dinner by Major-General O. O. Howard, the commander of the Legion for that year.

The armies of land and sea were both represented, seven generals and two hundred other officers and

privates taking their places around the table. All were members of the Legion, whose medal is bestowed only by vote of the Congress. To receive it, a man must have performed an act of personal heroism. Here is a short passage on the subject, quoted from the post-prandial speech of General Estes:

"In the crash of cavalry charges, in the roar of artillery duels, in the impetuous assaults of infantry, marvellous victories were achieved, seemingly beyond earthly power or possibility. Sustained by the moral force of numbers and encouraged by contact, touching shoulder to shoulder with comrades, our soldiers wrought results that gained for them the admiration of the world. Under radically different conditions, however, in most instances, were the missions of the Medal of Honor men accomplished. Voluntarily they went upon their ways, frequently alone, but always face to face with imminent peril or death. To do one's duty under orders from which there is no escape, is one thing; to volunteer to do the extra-hazardous from a sheer sense of patriotic self-sacrifice, is entirely different."

The appearance and conversation of the banquet-

ers had something imposing about them from their very simplicity. No uniforms were worn. The talk turned upon the past—feats of arms and common memories to be recalled among former comrades, now met again after a long separation; mention of the dead and of absent friends; humourous remarks and mirth-provoking anecdotes. The after-dinner speeches had all the same cast, at once serious and amusing. Generally the speaker began by some little jovial remark, or a story that was sure to cause laughter. General Horatio C. King, having to reply to two toasts, in the absence of General Sickles—"The United States Army," and "Kindred Societies"—began thus:

"Do not infer that because I have two toasts to respond to, I shall claim a double allowance of time. . . . Nor am I in the best of trim to-night. I think I have done little else during the day than promenade on the board walk, from Heinz's pickles to the Agnew, propelling in one of your rolling chairs an amiable lady who sits opposite me. It is not surprising that I am somewhat fatigued, but I hope I may not be so stupid as the young man to whom his employer said: 'I think you are the stupidest fellow in New York; I do not believe

you even knew that Methusaleh is dead.' 'Dead?' said the fellow, 'dead? Why I didn't even know he was sick.' "

It is entirely natural that the patriotic fibre should be one to vibrate oftenest at such a gathering, but American patriotism, even that of her warriors, has nothing offensive or aggressive about it. Yet they never tire of extolling their country, and with reason. Listen to General Mulholland, replying to the toast, " Our Country ":

" I once heard of a miner who fell down a deep pit. His companions on the surface, paralysed with fright at the accident, called down, 'Johnny, are you killed?' And a voice came up from the depths, 'No, I am not killed, but I am knocked speechless.'

" When contemplating the magnitude of the subject that I am called on to answer for, I feel like the unfortunate miner—'knocked speechless.' . . .

" As we sit here to-night and listen to the rush of the waves, I am reminded of a scene of my boyhood. Fifty-four years ago last month, August, 1850, together with my father and mother, I was on board of a sailing vessel passing from New York to Egg Harbor, and our vessel was becalmed for a couple of days, off this coast. . . . There was

nothing here on that day except a lighthouse, and sand, and flocks of sea-gulls. . . . Now, in the short period of fifty-four years, an ordinary lifetime, a great city has arisen here, with magnificent buildings and large population, and this city by the sea is typical of the wonderful development of our country in all directions.

"At the time of the Revolution, we had thirteen little States along the Atlantic, with three million inhabitants. When I bathed off these shores in 1850, we had twenty-five States, with a population of twenty-five millions. At the epoch of the War of Secession, the country numbered thirty-two States, with thirty-two million inhabitants, of whom four millions were slaves. Now we have forty-five States, a population of over eighty millions, and not a slave in the country. Ah, we ought not only to love our native land, but to be proud of it.

"'Our Country'—a nation practically without a standing army, and yet so strong and so powerful as to command respect and admiration from all other nations. It would seem as though the Almighty had called our country into being in order to revolutionise the world and the government of nations, and to prove to mankind that the true form

of government is that derived from the consent of the governed.

"There are those among us who look to the future with dark forebodings, and tremble for our free institutions. True it is that our municipal governments are not all that could be desired, and tales of corruption are, unfortunately, but too well founded; . . . but notwithstanding the faults of our system of government, those who love our country have faith in the future."

Accentuating the pacific note that characterises American patriotism, Rear Admiral George W. Melville declared:

"We do not want a Navy to make war, but to preserve the peace. It is a hackneyed aphorism, in time of peace prepare for war, but in these modern days it is necessary in maintaining the peace, to be ready for war at all times. This readiness is the insurance we pay to preserve the peace, and it is cheaper in money and men than going to war."

General Theodore S. Peck, in response to the toast, "The Women," said:

"Upon women in times of war the victor and the vanquished have always leaned, and from them have gained their supply of the wonderful courage

of which the history of the world is full. In all the wars in which the men of this country have battled for existence and a home, the noble, loving women not only gave their all (fathers, husbands, brothers and lovers), but by their prayers, work, and sacrifice of every comfort, as well as with an uncertain future, nerved the men to battle in such a way that no suffering or hardship was too great for them to endure.

"In peace as well as in war, the women of the United States of America stand for all that is good and true, and are as ready to make their sacrifices in the future to uphold our nation and its glorious flag, as they were in the past."

Replying to the toast, "The President of the United States," Mr. John Wanamaker, recalling the assassination of President McKinley at Buffalo, said:

"A country from sea to sea, and from the mountains to the Gulf, shook and shuddered at the awful martyrdom upon the altar of liberty, and all eyes turned to the young man who stood next to the grave of the great McKinley. In the solemnity of a great crisis, conscious of the overwhelming responsibility, with great dignity, surrounded by

the old counsellors of McKinley, full of the spirit and policy of his administration, this young man with the fear of God in his heart and love for all the people in his soul, bowed his heart to God's will, and bowed his shoulders to whatever burden it brought with it. The years of study and the months of the mountains, gave him a well-stored mind, large health, and a ready hand, and the heroic soldier of San Juan, was sealed by the trust and homage of the people, as the executor of the lamented William McKinley, and still more, the administrator of the will of the people of the United States."

To all the stirring echoes of this evening, that remain with me to show how sane and vigorous this patriotism is, at once pacific and militant, hostile to all militarism, and yet thoroughly martial, I am going to add a few lines for the purpose of emphasising the religious side. For the religious note was not wanting in any of the speeches of the evening. I have chosen out specially this passage relating to military virtue, from the speech of General Estes:

"Valour, patriotism, honour, manhood, do not die. They do not cease at the cannon's mouth or

ebb forth with the life blood on the battle-field; they are not laid away with the body as dust to dust and ashes to ashes. They are not of the earth, earthy. They belong to the soul; they are attributes of spirit. And spirit is divine; it is the breath of God; it wears the likeness of the infinite, and like its divine Progenitor, it is eternal. Valour, patriotism, honour, manhood, are eternal."

When we left the banqueting hall, the ocean was singing its hoary chant outside, and it mingled in my remembrance with the valiant words I had heard fall from the lips of these brave defenders of a Republic without barracks or fortress. These hours passed among former companions of Lincoln and Grant, had the effect upon me of a baptism of fire. Something of the soul of these warriors had entered into mine. How right they were in thus apostrophising their fatherland:

"'Our Country,' destined in all the ages of the future to be a bright example of high civilisation, truly a light to illumine the world, ordained for the upraising and betterment, not only of our own people, but of the whole human family." *

* General Mulholland.

XLIV

AMERICAN SIMPLICITY

WHEN I had my first vision of Titanic America, personified in its prodigious buildings, its commercial undertakings, the fever of its daily affairs, its gigantic manufactories, the luxurious living of some of its social classes and their costly eccentricities, I saw myself, with my ideal of simplicity, not as an anachronism —for simplicity is eternal; it was before the complicated life, and will be after that is done—but I saw myself in a situation like that of a lark which, instead of soaring above golden harvests, under the great dome of the blue sky, should sing its song in smoky cities, in gloomy caverns, or—what is another sort of misfortune—in a cage with golden bars. The contrast was violent and painful; surely I was bringing with me the message of a way of life very different from that revealed in this forced civilisation, glittering with wealth or tarnished with squalid poverty, that seemed to be rushing with all its might toward the conquest of material welfare.

Some evenings, when I faced an exclusive audience brilliant with elaborate toilets and gleaming jewels, a deep sadness penetrated my soul at the idea that what was the very substance and marrow of my thought, might be serving as a moment's distraction for a jaded curiosity.

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But, getting down to the heart of things, I found that my pessimistic impressions could not stand in the face of more encouraging experiences. Among the waifs and strays of the Bowery mission, as well as with the flower of American society, following a method that has become a second nature to me, I went straight to the human centre. Luxury and want are alike surface accidents, the man is to be sought underneath them; we must not dwell upon superficialities, but turn straightway to the substance, and the fundamental substance of "the better America" is simplicity.

Certain English, German, and French journals tell us that the distinctive badge of American life is artificiality; but that is to judge men's hearts by the coats they affect, and their ideas by the cut of their hair. And some critics have held that the interest taken by the American public in "The Sim-

ple Life " and its ideas, is pure snobbery, the result of caprice, without seriousness or sincerity. All this comes from a partial and imperfect judgment. A man's deformity is not his person; a facial blemish is not a face. An artificiality that is very obvious, and from many points of view offensive, floats, it is true, like froth, on the surface of American life; but the sea-foam is not the sea. Pilgrim of a day on the American shores, I went there with eyes and heart wide open, drinking in at all the pores of my mental and moral sensibilities those signs which the habit of observing men has taught me to discern. I looked at things as a man does who sees a country for the first time, and is prepared to receive shocks the more painful or experience emotions the purer and more joyous on that account.

Yet I was not to observe as a stranger, for it never enters my mind so to consider myself or anyone else; from my standpoint, nobody, nothing, is foreign. I do indeed belong to my own country, and I belong to it for good and all; but I also belong to that great Family out of love for which we wish all nations and all men well. With this disposition, I was, it seems to me, in the best of conditions to observe justly, and here I give my impressions.

The artificial and complicated life that prevails in America to a disquieting degree, does not belong to the American character, it is accidental; but it constitutes a danger, and one of the greatest dangers the country could run; for in allowing herself to be drawn into a life of superficiality, a life forgetful of the soul and scornful of simplicity, America, perhaps more than any other nation, is unfaithful to her very nature, that higher nature wherein lies the secret of her power and the explanation of her existence among the nations—the very sinew and spring of her splendid vitality. This is the fact that struck me in my quality of friend; and perceiving the danger, it was with brotherly distress that I searched for all the good signs which might lead one to hope that it would be removed. An evil recognised is often half vanquished, and when by close observation a man perceives that he runs the risk of missing the aim of his life through his irregular way of living it, he is very near to changing his methods. Ships follow their pilots, and their pilots follow the compass; nations have for compass their faith and their ideals. America's true ideal is the realisation of a beautiful life, inspired by concern for the best

things; of a broadly human life, energetic and benevolent, powerful and pacific, in which conscience never loses its rights. Beneath the restlessness that has taken possession of the whole great territory, a secret trouble is clearly perceptible, not equally so in all cases, of course, especially among the new and imperfectly assimilated masses of the population, that enter as a great disturbing factor into the life of the whole; but wherever we encounter representative Americans, men who love their country and have a care for the public welfare, this secret uneasiness comes to light. It has no similarity to the senile perturbation which class egoism and the fear of innovations inspire in peoples long established; but it is akin to that amiable and salutary fear of forfeiting esteem, which animates generous youth, and makes itself evident even through youth's impetuosity.

In what is the best of her, America loves the life that is genuine and substantial, the life in which the things most highly valued are moral qualities, uprightness, energy and kindness, as well as those fundamental family sentiments that are the cement of society. She knows that a nation lives neither by gold, nor by armies, nor by industrial prosperity,

but that all these things, in so far as they are good and legitimate, are conducive to certain fundamental virtues without which humanity could never advance. If the source of these virtues be quenched, the whole splendid exterior of a civilisation soon becomes nothing more than a luxuriant fruitage that is doomed to decay.

This is what the best of the American people feel so poignantly at the present time; and happily these "best" are not an over-refined and scattered minority, lost in the midst of decadent masses that no longer possess any motive forces save the ferments of their own decomposition; they are a countless and compact phalanx of upright men, clear-sighted and resolute, impressible and fearless, possessing, in a word, all the qualities of a powerful leaven that is capable of penetrating and leavening the whole.

These elements of public health belong to the old and authentic tradition of American democracy, wherein respect for the past, a normal conservatism, and courage and ardour for the future, are mingled in such happy proportions. I was never better aware of this than when I crossed the threshold of Independence Hall, in Philadelphia, one of the national

sanctuaries. Built at the very seat of the cradle of American liberties, and dating from the heroic period of American history, it saw those assemblies in which, amid the most thrilling events, the future of the American nation was decided. Surrounded by objects, insignificant in themselves, that have become popular relics; within the walls that once listened to the speech of the fathers and now murmur it in the ears of the children; before portraits of the men who made America, I felt the most intense religious emotion. I seemed to be treading on sacred ground. Some of the purest treasures of the new humanity had been elaborated there, in the crucible of a great struggle, in the furnace of situations in which men and nations are purified like gold. And the whole environment was that of a patriarchal, a heroic simplicity. Out of the elements there collected into a focus, *the heart of America* is made, and when once you grasp this clew, you may follow it everywhere throughout the web of the national life.

This tradition is not a pious souvenir, a sort of lifeless relic, to be brought out of its shrine on great occasions only; it has a part in all the acts and all the interests of life. It is a *leitmotif*, constantly re-

appearing in the great symphony in which the soul of the people is interpreted. And this national disposition explains the effect "The Simple Life" produced in the midst of Americans. What the President did for this book, he did in the character of a typical American, and if his word, beloved and authoritative as it is, had in this case so profound and persistent an echo, it was because the minds of his fellow-countrymen were good ground for the reception of the message. In spite of all appearances to the contrary, both by tradition and by temperament America loves simplicity. She knows what she owes to it; she feels that if she should escape from the influence of this vital and regenerative force, the sceptre would depart from her. She takes account of the fact that young and powerful nations become contaminated with startling rapidity when in contact with the corruption to which long habitude has accustomed older civilisations.

Her best traditions, and the best of her sons today, put faith in the power of simplicity, while her peculiar genius and her tastes incline her the same way. In all these things, America has an assurance of victory in the moral crisis of the present time. And in addition, the education of her youth rests

upon principles and methods that inspire the mind with disdain for vanities and sophisticated pleasures. If she brings about a reaction, as she might do, and as she is doing already in no small degree, against the excessive repute that has been given to wealth, and against the social usurpation that tends to make it king instead of the servant it should be; if she takes every opportunity to rehabilitate and honour the men of modest means who know how to attain independence and happiness by limiting their desires; if the conviction spreads that pomp and state are a kind of slavery, that ostentation is a proof of stupidity, and irrational expenditure a social error, there is no doubt that the future belongs to the better America.

For her the message of simplicity is not a reactionary cry; no one who takes the trouble to understand its significance, mistakes that. He sees in it an appeal to discernment and vigilance, to a regard for the fundamental hygienic laws proper to the human creature. We are consumed by our parasitic needs, that we have multiplied without reason or limit, and by those ideas, unbefitting men, which tend to make us look upon ourselves as ephemeral; as dust returning to dust; as called to a

life of the most incessant pleasure possible, which we may seek to attain by any means, however barbarous and anti-fraternal. The simple life appeals to us to rid ourselves of these parasites, to shake off this dire and unnatural mental state, and to restore to the place of honour the true semblance of ourselves. This is the cry of alarm I raised in America, the cry I raise everywhere.

It matters little what country we inhabit, what language we speak, what religious and social faith we profess, we are all in need of conversion to simplicity; we all risk losing our life by the absurd fashion in which we order it. When secondary things are ranked with essentials, the artificial and conventional with the natural and real, all the outward splendour with which our life may be surrounded is only a magnificent setting for nullity.

Political, religious and social institutions; science, industry and education; the whole sum of human toil and effort, should contribute to make man more broadly human; but unless we take care, all these things, instead of being instrumental for the realisation of more justice, and the introduction of more order and happiness into the brotherhood of men, become a hindrance and a bondage, and man suc-

cumbs under the weight of his own deeds, weakened and degraded by his own misdirected forces, his instincts turned to vices, his knowledge to an agent of death, his faith to fanaticism, his well-being to degeneracy,—every function, private or public, diverted from its end.

People often assume to tell us that we are descendants of the ape, and there are some who take a shocking pleasure in the idea, while others find it distressing beyond measure. For myself, I think it no matter for either gratification or disturbance. I have somewhere said that I would willingly be an ant, if I might be an ant after God's heart. The paths of the Eternal stretch from the dust to the Spirit. The distance is tremendous, and there must needs be many humble stages on the way; is there anything strange about that? It matters little to me what path I follow, if only it lead upward.

What we need to be concerned about is not an ape at the beginning of the line—our problematical ancestor, at most—but an ape at the end, a hideous product to be evolved in time out of our errors, by "natural selection." To descend from apes and become men, is progress, and what progress! but to be humanity, to have given birth to Moses, to Plato,

to Christ; to have overcome the elements, chained the thunder to our chariots and made the lightning our messenger, and then to return to the level of the brutes, in the ferocity of our feelings, the lowness of our instincts, the obscurity of our intellects —what a casting out into darkness! But this could not be! Let us raise our resolutions to the height of another destiny. Humanity sometimes loses her way, but her thirst always brings her back to the pure springs of the true and simple life.

XLV

ADIEUX TO WASHINGTON

THE twenty-second of November was the date fixed for my return to Washington, when I was to give a public lecture under the auspices of the Young Men's Christian Association. It was to take place in a theatre on Lafayette Square, near the White House, at half-past four in the afternoon. On the evening of the same day, my French lecture was to be given in the White House parlours.

I arrived in Washington at about eleven in the morning. The French Ambassador and Madame Jusserand had arranged an informal luncheon, for us to meet a few friends. It was a special pleasure to me to cross the threshold of the little embassy, and find myself in a house where the pictures and a greater part of the furnishings recalled France. The affectionate graciousness of my host and hostess was added to this charm of the distant fatherland.

During my September visit in the city, President

Roosevelt had said, that on the occasion of this afternoon lecture he himself would introduce me to the audience, but I had not dared count upon such an honour, so far did it surpass my hopes, and I had never since made any allusion to this notable promise. On my way to Lafayette Square, I thought over the reasons which might well prevent the President from being present; but as I approached the theatre, I saw that it was surrounded by a cordon of police of colossal build—those American policemen, veritable towers of strength, whose size alone is an element of good order, and who rise above the crowds like rocks above the waves —and I thought, "These giants are not here on my account." In the lobby I encountered some members of the Association who were in charge of the lecture. "The President has just telephoned that he will be here in ten minutes," they said, and in reality, at the end of a few moments, he arrived, with the words: "I said I would come, and here I am!"

I shall not describe what I experienced while silently listening to the words of him whom, a few days before, America had retained at his post by a majority so tremendous as to be unequalled in

the annals of the world. He spoke like the head of a house surrounded by his own family. His words, simple and concise, issued in that clearness of form that elementary truth takes on when it is interpreted by a right-minded man.

Many American orators speak without gesture, maintaining a fixed attitude, which does not fail to have its impressive side, though so at variance with our habit in France; but the President is a very animated speaker, his gestures sometimes becoming particularly vehement.

You feel that this Chief of State is moved by an ideal at once elevated and practical, which he aims to show, in some one of its aspects, on every favourable occasion. He possesses in a very high degree the faculty of translating the feelings, the ideas and the laws of life, into a universal language. Every sentence he utters, every example he cites, bears marks of the higher humanity, that humanity which without insignia, or privilege of race, nation, or class, makes the essential substance of each one of us. But there is nothing vague or indecisive about this thought of his, whose luminous simplicity make its expression limpid; and it is always practical and pertinent, and though rich in

local colour, the human ideal is always showing forth under the national ideal.

I should have been glad to reproduce here, in full, the President's speech, as it was published next morning in all the American papers; but the very terms in which the evidences of his sympathy were expressed, compel me to refrain. In my heart I preserve a warm and grateful remembrance of it, as one of the finest rewards of my life.

XLVI

THE WHITE HOUSE LECTURE

THAT evening I arrived at the White House a good half-hour before the time of the lecture, and was ushered into one of the parlours, where Mrs. Roosevelt appeared almost immediately, and soon afterward the President. Made acquainted with the subject of conversation, Mr. Roosevelt recounted that both Mrs. Roosevelt and he had French blood in their veins, being descendants of Huguenots who were driven from their mother country by the hardships of religious persecution.

Meanwhile the guests, to the number of a hundred, had been assembling in an adjacent parlour, where I was the last to be introduced. Of all the feelings I experienced at the moment, patriotic emotions were uppermost. To be able to speak of my country, in my mother tongue, before an audience so choice, was a grateful and supreme satisfaction, and I began my lecture with the President's

kind words in my mind: "You cannot tell us too many good things about France."

There exists a very old classification of peoples, resembling that zoological one for the use of little children, in which every animal is summarily qualified by a single word, the tiger being ferocious, the donkey stupid, the dog faithful, and the cat treacherous. To those who know and love animals, this condensed science is much in need of revision; but to uproot prejudices is sometimes more difficult than to remove mountains. Ethnology, as accepted by the crowd, has decreed that certain peoples should be hypocritical, others of slow wit, others worshippers of money. *The French are light, and fond of a quarrel.* Our literature abroad and our politics at home seem to give some colour to this opinion; but it is, as a characterisation, incorrect, and that is what it rested with me to show. We, as well as other nations, have qualities by which we gain upon becoming known to intelligent and well-disposed citizens of other nations. To point out these qualities is not a display of national vanity, but a service rendered to the general good. It is contrary to international interest and understanding, that peoples should be best known to each other

by their defects; if they knew each other a little better by their good qualities, there would be more grounds for mutual confidence. There ought to be established an international order of the Knights of Goodwill, whose office it should be to recount of each nation the best there is to tell.

A little experience and reflection will show us that man does not live by his maladies, but by what is sound in his constitution, and that peoples cannot live by their vices; it is by their virtues that they survive. France not only exists, but she has a permanent influence in the world. Her genius, her labour, her ideas, her taste, enter as an essential factor in the universal collaboration of nations, and evidently the position we hold is not due to our lightness. Then there must be something else in us, and that is what it was my purpose to search out and bring into prominence.

Back of the superficial and excitable nation, as it appears at a distance, or is reflected in sensational novels and "yellow" journals, there is another nation, quiet, laborious, studious—an *Unknown France*, that goes far toward redeeming the crying defects of the France known, alas! but too well. As a guest might do, seated at night by a

friendly hearth, I thought fit, by the hearth of the American nation, to speak of this France.

I told of our family life, that is so genuine; of our toil and our thrift; of those courageous little households in our great cities, with which the foreigner isn't acquainted and cannot be, but which it has been my privilege to see in such great numbers. I spoke of our peasants and day-labourers, making a comparison, for example, between matinal Paris, that the French themselves know so little, and nocturnal Paris, that foreigners know all too well.

A modest frequenter of the Pasteur Institute, a friend of the lamented M. Duclaux, and of many other of my country's scientific investigators, I described their unobtrusive life, opposed to all notoriety; and I gave a glimpse into those cherished attic rooms of our laborious students, which Paris contains in so great number, where the scientific wealth of the future is slumbering.

Then I thought it would be interesting to give a sketch of the great educational enterprises in the various grades of public instruction, which the Third Republic has undertaken, in the midst of countless obstacles, and with such admirable abnegation. And in passing, I framed in this setting a

picture of one of the best teachers of all the ages, Félix Pécaut, to whom public homage has been rendered at the nation's tribune, but whose finest eulogy is the vital impression left deep in the hearts of his disciples.

Having long gathered documents concerning social work in France, I drew attention to the things private initiative has achieved in this domain. Then I thought fit to mention that enterprise for the promotion of intercourse and collaboration among men of goodwill in the different social grades, that began to take shape twenty years ago in a series of mutualities that have brought mental and manual workers into contact with one another. Among the pioneers of this fine undertaking, I mentioned the late M. Fallot, sketching the life of this valiant son of Ban-de-la-Roche, in whom the spirit of the great Oberlin seemed to be reincarnate.

Could I omit to mention an undertaking, unique of its kind, that has succeeded in establishing, in the heart of our troubled and discordant time, a meeting-ground for courteous discussion and mutual information among well-disposed men coming from all the horizons of thought? Here I spoke of the " Union for Moral Action," that broad and

comprehensive work which has in it the possibilities of a splendid contribution to the moral progress of France.

In short, for fully an hour I had the privilege of speaking of the serious France that toils and acts beneath the troubled exterior of our public life; of a France calm and eager for good understanding among her citizens, seeking for unity of intention in diversity of origin and of parties; building her city in a constant effort toward justice and goodwill.

* * * * *

The lecture was followed by a very cordial reception, happy ending of a happy day, and fit impression with which to close these recollections.

* * * * *

The first of December I found myself on board the *Savoie,* surrounded by a multitude of friends who had come to wish me *bon voyage.* The last to leave the deck, when the vessel was already being loosened from her moorings, was Mr. Wanamaker. With flocks of sea-gulls, symbolic of the wishes and remembrances that accompany the voyager, spreading their great wings above our tumultuous wake, I sailed away, feeling that I had been visit-

ing one of the countries where the most substantial of Humanity's resources are in store.

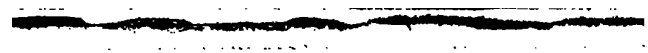
* * * * *

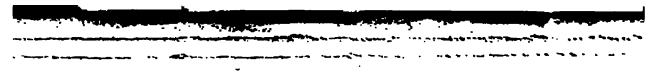
Now our ship turns toward the rising sun, and the farther we sail, the more clearly do loved faces emerge out of the shadow of distance, and thoughts of home take shape; but over all, with more and more insistence as the hours pass by, looms the image of the *Patrie.*

Of old, France helped to establish the Government of the United States; now, with how many problems and obstacles is her beautiful ideal of democracy, victorious across the sea, still forced to struggle at home! If moral aid and inspiring example come to her from nations once fructified by her genius, it is only just; when the harvests are ripening is the moment to recall and honour the sower.

In the glimmers of thy beacons, shining afar in the ocean night, I salute thee, beloved France, indefatigable sower, that no inclemency of sky and no rude season has ever spared, yet who art ever found among the pioneers of the better future, thy hand on the plough, and thy forehead crowned with hope!

THE END





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